

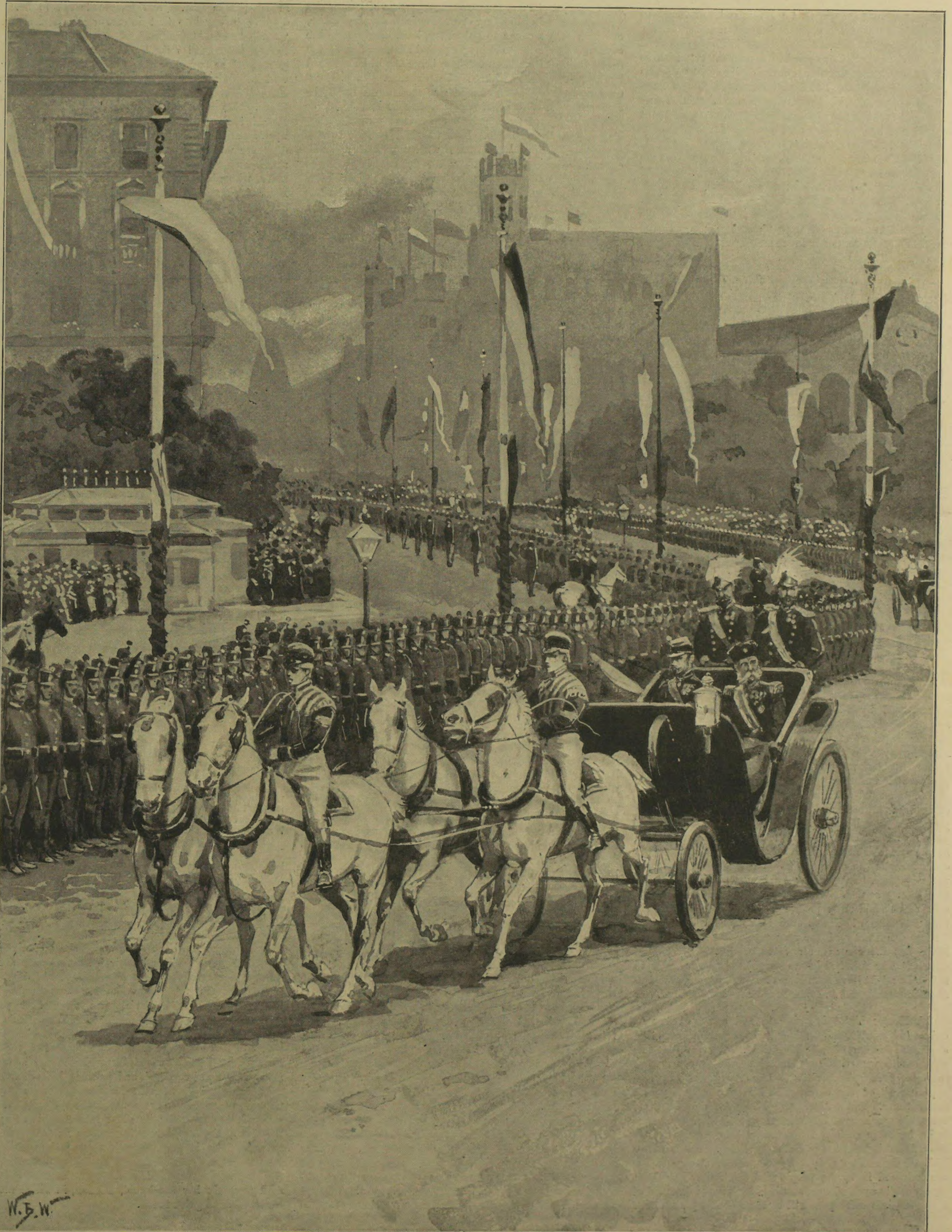
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VISIT OF THE CZAR AND CZARINA TO VIENNA: THE TWO EMPERORS RIDING THROUGH THE PRATER STRASSE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

More than once we are told in the Scriptures that old men shall dream dreams, and dream they do, I believe, much oftener than young men; and it seems only natural that dreamless sleep should company with health and strength and comparative freedom from care. But I notice that of late young men have begun to dream, and to much better purpose than old ones are accustomed to do. When the *Drummond Castle* was wrecked we had several examples, if newspapers are to be believed, of young men having been warned in dreams not to take passage by that ill-fated vessel; and now we read how others have been preserved by the same means from being among the victims of the latest colliery accident. One of them naïvely illustrates the impression that his vision made upon him: so strong it was, he says, that "I resolved not to go to the pit at all that morning, and spent the day in the public-house." There are few dreams that have combined safety with pleasure in so marked a manner, or which so directly corroborate the notion of the divines that "dreams come from Providence, but the interpretation thereof from the heart of man." Bishop Sanderson was of opinion that their chief use was not to foretell events, but to acquaint us with our besetting sins: "for they look the same way as our freest thoughts, and the voluptuous beast" (his Lordship's language is strong) "dreameth of pleasures, and the covetous wretch of profits, and the proud of praises, and the ambitious of preferments"; of which fact, let us hope, the good Bishop never had at least a waking thought. Dreaming in old times was considered a divine act, and the means used to produce it were "sleeping within sacred precincts" (not, we trust, in church) "and drinking of sacred wine."

"Historians say," writes Southey, "that the inhabitants of the Atlantic Isles who feed on nothing that has been slain never dream." This statement will not assist the already doubtful reputation of historians for veracity. Vegetarians in this country certainly indulge in dreams; and as for our eating nothing that has been slain, that would be difficult in these days, when, if medical science is to be credited, we cannot open our mouths without doing it. Mithridates, we are told, made a compilation of the dreams of his concubines, a fad that is surely remarkable even in a "collector." This was found among his effects with a treatise upon their interpretation, and Pompey had it translated. Has anybody got it, I wonder! Watts thought that our dreams are broken because of our fallen state, and that in proportion as we approximate to a state of innocence they become useful to us. I cannot say that this is in accordance with my own experience, only two out of many thousands having proved serviceable (as "copy") during a (comparatively) blameless life. Warburton makes a curious remark upon the recurrence of dreams: "I have rambled for twenty years together, in dreams, in one certain country, through one certain road, and resided in one certain country-house, quite different from the whole face of the country and situation of the place from anything I ever saw, and the scene quite unvaried."

"The Bootblack and the Bluejacket" is a title that one expects to meet with in "Alice in Wonderland" rather than in a newspaper, but it certainly deserves to be immortalised by the poet. A happy thought strikes two lads respectively pursuing these callings, as they are bathing together, of being substitutes for one another. Many boys pant to go to sea, but it is not so usual to pant to be a shoeblack; however, they had only to change their pants, and it was done. As the one makes a capital sailor and the other did not like the Navy, the Service has obviously not suffered, and we hope that nobody will be punished; though one fears the poor shoeblack, who had probably never read the sad story of Dickens's experience in that profession, will repent his bargain. What takes one's fancy is the ease with which the thing was accomplished—quite the "quickest change" of the kind that has ever been recorded. What a convenience it would be if some of us could swap professions at the loss of as little time and money! I was once taken for an Admiral in Portsmouth Dockyard (the very proudest moment of my life); but the error did not, unfortunately, last long enough. The Admiral (so to speak) did not "tumble to it," or he might have been a shoe—well, a poor author—at this moment, and I should be wearing a cocked hat.

M. Hector Malot is going to add a new terror to existence by publishing in his final romance a key to the *dramatis personæ* of all his others. When an author promises to write his last book his readers often wink the eye of incredulity: it is like the "positively last appearance" of the actor, which is generally repeated many times. But in this case M. Malot may be more correct in speaking of his "last romance" than he intends to be, for after such a disclosure as he contemplates his life will not be worth six months' purchase. One can only estimate the risk he will run by the murderous threats that are indulged in by the people who think they have been "put into" novels when the authors have never dreamed of doing it. His safer plan will be to make it a posthumous

work—having loaded his blunderbuss to get somebody else to pull the trigger for him. What would be much more interesting than a key of this kind would be the revelation of an author himself as depicted in his works. That he appears, more or less, in most of them, we may be certain, and generally as the hero; he may be disguised beyond recognition, but always in a most becoming manner, and his true sentiments are much more often expressed in this way than by his own mouth, as in an autobiography.

From the motor-car to the motor-house there should be but one step, and I read that a man of substance as well as ideas has taken it. His residence is, in fact, already built on wheels, with a collapsible upper storey, so as to enable it when necessary to pass under bridges; anyone who has been on board a yacht, and been knocked on the head by its boom, will understand the advantage of this latter arrangement. Of recent years many persons of wealth and wisdom, instead of building or purchasing a country-house, of which they are apt to get weary, have hired a new one every summer, so as to enjoy perpetual change of scene and every variety of landscape. These benefits will be obtained by a motor-house without the expense. Indeed, its convenience to persons of moderate means can hardly be overestimated. We often say that this or that hotel, or lodging-house, at some private resort is very comfortable, but still it is not home. Now we shall be able to visit the place, taking our house with us, like a snail, only at a greater speed. "We do not leave home this year" will one day be an almost unintelligible statement. Who does, though we may have visited half-a-dozen places? "Where was her home?" is a question asked in one of the most pathetic poems in the language. The nearest approach to a reply may soon be: "Well, the last I heard of it, it was in Sussex, but it may be in Yorkshire now for all that I know." We could ask our friends to "join us" without the trouble of taking them in: they would bring their house with them and help to make a pleasant little colony of friends in a place that would otherwise be full of strangers. Instead of our giving them the usual information about the trains, we should say: "By-the-bye, you will find a bridge or two at such a place, so look out and mind that your collapsible upper storey is in order." Of course there will now and then be accidents—people upstairs shaved off by a keystone, like a razor—through neglect of this precaution, but one can't expect perfection even in a motor-house.

The letter of the unfortunate schoolmaster who hanged himself the other day because he had been reported unfavourably by his inspector seems to indicate that the poor man was only so far mad as any person may be pronounced to be who is cursed with a morbid sensitiveness. He appears to have suffered no damage, except in his feelings, nor is there any proof that they were intentionally outraged. The inspector, in performing what should have been an unpleasant duty, does not seem to have executed it with harshness; and, if so, he has been deeply wronged. In China, when a man wishes to be revenged on his enemy, he commits suicide on his doorstep, which brings down terrible misfortunes on his foe; and something of the kind is now and then accomplished among ourselves by such a letter as this poor man left behind him. The contents of it may be true, or, as seems to be the case in the present instance, may arise from an exaggerated sense of wrong. There is no gift which an ill-natured fairy godmother can bring to a child so destructive of his future happiness as that of a too sensitive nature. It is a veritable shirt of Nessus, the effect of which was the first recorded case of blood-poisoning. There may be a few people who die of overwork, but those who have this fatal dowry perish in thousands of worry. Every disagreeable word is a blow to them; every slight is a poisoned arrow. They have no chance in the battle of life against those with pachydermatous skins; they are like wooden ships opposed to armoured ones, and the combat can have only one end. This would not be so regrettable were not these unhappy persons, so far from being contemptible, often the most loving and lovable of our fellow-creatures, as well as the most imaginative. The poet who describes them was one of them—

O Love, who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your bier?

I am afraid but few of us read Charles Lever now, the blithest and most high-spirited of writers, and one who has described the romance of war with the most inimitable skill. It was but the other day that I was dipping into "Charles O'Malley," and as I was reading the description of the Duchess of Richmond's ball on the eve of Waterloo, I could not but compare it with the description of the same event by that still greater novelist, Thackeray. They are both so excellent as to make it doubtful to whom we should give the palm. A few pages farther and he describes the battle itself. Here again the wonderful pictures that Victor Hugo and Erckmann-Chatrian have given us of it throw that of Lever's somewhat into the shade. Yet how admirable it is; how full of go and vigour and the wild joys of battle! How amazing that the readers of the present day know so little of this delightful writer! When I read the list of "favourite novels" that are taken out of the

free libraries, I never see his name mentioned. How true it is that, except in a very few cases, the writers that were the idols of one generation are forgotten by its successor!

It was a saying of some eminent individual that there is no person, however dull, from whom some information of a useful or interesting kind cannot be extracted. This strikes one as rather an optimistic view. However, I found it the other day corroborated. I was talking to a casual acquaintance not much interested in "music, poetry, and the fine arts," and hazarded the observation, as one not likely to embarrass him, that there had been a good deal of rain and wind in August. He looked at me with something very like contempt in his eye (and, indeed, well he might). "Well, of course," he replied, "there was a new moon on a Saturday, the 8th of August." I said nothing, but I thought to myself, "This is even a more foolish person than I had imagined him to be. Now, dipping to-day into that interesting book, De Morgan's "Budget of Paradoxes," I came upon this very theory, not stated only to be ridiculed, but introduced (for once) as worthy of attention. Dr. Forster, the well-known meteorologist of Bruges, declares in the *Athenæum* of Feb. 17, 1849, that by journals of the weather kept by his grandfather, father, and himself ever since 1767, it is shown that "whenever the new moon has fallen upon a Saturday nineteen out of twenty of the following days are wet and windy." This was corroborated by a number of correspondents to the same effect. One of them, who gives his name, says that he has constantly heard this statement among the farmers and peasantry in Scotland, Ireland, and the North of England; that he has heard it remarked upon, in the course of a seafaring life, by American, French, and Spanish seamen, and even by a Chinese pilot who was once doing duty on board his vessel. De Morgan, of course, looked out for the next time the new moon fell upon a Saturday, and found the fact to be to a great extent corroborated. There is no scientific reason to account for it; but at all events my friend was wiser than he looked, and much better informed than I was.

The French Revolution has always been a favourite subject for the novelist, and one would have been inclined to say that there was nothing new to be said about it. "The Reds of the Midi," however, is a book that teaches us we were mistaken. What the great French twin brethren have done for the Empire in "The Conscript," "The Blockade," and "Waterloo," Félix Gras has here accomplished little less admirably for the patriots of 1792. There is the same familiar acquaintance with his subject, the same detailed but never tedious descriptions, the same lifelike portraits of character, all moving in an atmosphere of action. Our author mainly concerns himself with the doings of the Five Hundred who marched from Marseilles to Paris and precipitated the Revolution. They have been confused with later detachments from the same town, and have suffered in reputation accordingly; but if we are to believe this story, seldom indeed have men deserved better of their country. They marched the whole way to the capital without committing a single outrage, even where the population were unfriendly, and mostly with bread and garlic for their rations. In order to secure our sympathies, we are first shown what it was to live under the cruel despotism of the lords of the soil. Well may the peasant who tells the tale inquire: "Why are people always grunting nowadays?"—

They actually grunt because of over-plenty! Nowadays each peasant has his own corner of earth. He who has earth has bread, and he who has bread has blood. I, who am speaking to you, was twelve years old before ever I had seen either kneading-trough, bread-hutch, oil-jar, or wine-keg—things owned nowadays by the poorest peasant in the land.

In the one room of my father's hut—it was more a hut than a cottage—were two cradle-like boxes filled with oat-straw, in which we slept, the cooking-pot in the middle of the room hanging from a roof-beam, and a big chopping-block—and that was all! That was just all!

My father gathered the acorns from the oaks of the Marquis, and was allowed to keep the half of them for his pay; and we also had the right to till two scraps of land, from which we got enough beans and vetches and herbs to keep us from actually starving to death—we three and our fleas. You will know how we lived when I tell you that not until I got away from La Garde altogether did I taste anything as good as a bit of fresh-baked soft bread dipped in soup made of rancid pork.

Privation was the least of the sufferings of these poor wretches; their sons and their daughters were alike the rich men's slaves, and they were flogged like dogs. It is no wonder that the provincials were even more blood-thirsty than the mob at Paris. In reading of the patriotic enthusiasm of the lad who at fourteen pretends to be sixteen in order to join the Reds on their march, we forget that the one object of his design is to kill the King. Throughout the tale, indeed, the aspirations of the ordinary novel-reader are reversed, and he finds himself attacking the palace and shooting the Swiss with much enjoyment. Of course there is some romance in the story, but it is of a subordinate character; its great attraction is the picture it gives of the Revolution from the point of view of the patriot. The interest, though there is less of incident than might be expected, is well sustained throughout; we feel that we are reading History, or, rather, that it is being read to us by her handmaid, Fiction, in whose mouth it loses little and gains much.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

We often hear of the advantages of the old stock company. There were many of them, no doubt. We had a well-trained, intelligent body of actors and actresses, always kept together, working in harmony, and striving to do their best for author and management alike. But there were grave disadvantages in the old system also, conspicuous among them being the obvious fact that an author was compelled to write round and fit, as with a good coat or dress, all the distinguished members of the company. Now to all intents and purposes the Adelphi is a stock company. Mr. William Terriss, Miss Jessie Millward, Mr. W. L. Abingdon, Mr. J. D. Beveridge, and Mr. Harry Nicholls have been on the Adelphi staff for many years. They are justly and deservedly popular, they are all able artists, and they must all be well provided for by the author if he is anxious that his play should be accepted by the management. The leading actor or the leading actress does not give any dramatist very much trouble. Every melodrama must have its hero and heroine, and lucky the playwright who gets his work undertaken by such sound, brilliant, and capable artists as Mr. William Terriss and Miss Jessie Millward. This is emphatically proved by the enormous success of "Boys Together," by Haddon Chambers and Comyns Carr, for these two artists in particular have triumphed over the inherent gloom of the story, they have forced the authors' trump cards, in spite of the fact that scene after scene of vital dramatic importance is threatened with extinction by a preponderately and often inexcusable comic interest. Over and over again a climax of interest is spoiled by an anticlimax of somewhat forced laughter. Now, it is not going too far to say that the very strength and popularity of Harry Nicholls as a comedian is the thorn in the side of the conscientious and artistic dramatist. He must be written for; he must be made prominent; that is a *sine quâ non* at the Adelphi. If he is not sufficiently written for at the outset, he must be written up somehow or other, whether the dramatist's scheme submitted requires it or not, and very often what should be a source of strength is often a source of weakness when a play is considered as a whole. Now to the ordinary and experienced spectator it seems as if the comic interest in "Boys Together" had been considerably written up and forced into prominence, because it is appliqué work, and not delicately woven into the drama proper. To submit a play to an Adelphi audience without comic interest would, of course, be absurd, but we advance with the times, and perchance the despised Adelphi audience who, after all, have brains and judgment like other people, if they were consulted would say that so capable, clever, and inventive a comedian as Harry Nicholls was superior to the constantly recurring jests about men's nether garments, be they trousers or pyjamas. Only the other day Mr. Harry Nicholls was bathing behind a hedge at the Adelphi like the Marquis of Carabas in "Puss in Boots," and flinging his clothes at the feet of a shocked maiden. Now he is finding his fun in displayed pyjamas. Possibly there is too much of this, and the play might be lightened by throwing over his part of the top-hamper.

Unquestionably Adelphi drama, like every other form of drama, is improving in taste and tone. Why should the Adelphi low comedian stand still? He has put off his comic trousers and waistcoats, he dresses like a gentleman, and not in huge plaids and checks, he no longer sits down on his wife's bonnet-box, and he may well hide the ugly pyjamas in the dressing-room. The advantage of such an author and artist as Mr. Comyns Carr is obvious. Who but he with his artistic taste could have designed and arranged that scene in the Soudan, which in arrangement, brilliancy, and colour effects looks like a priceless Müller in action. It is one of the very finest scenes presented to the modern stage for years past; while beauty of another and more romantic kind is obtained in the impressive Tyrolean pass that concludes the play. To see these stage pictures alone a visit to the Adelphi may be recommended. But of course there is much more that is interesting in the play, particularly when William Terriss, W. L. Abingdon, and Jessie Millward are on the scene. Few actors have advanced, improved or strengthened their style more than William Terriss. His great scene, where the hero of the play humiliates himself before a Mahdi fanatic, and is bound to a rock to be insulted and reviled by an Englishman and an old schoolfellow, is played with admirable dignity and natural passion. This strong and manly actor is always self-contained, and he has that one thing so rare in modern acting—real power as contrasted with excess. In this play Mr. W. L. Abingdon had the chance of his career. Few melodramas contain such a villain as the authors have suggested to us. Mr. Abingdon was within an ace of topping the bar. He only knocked it over very slightly at the last jump. His style was good and neat. There was no trick in the acting, but the climax of greatness and tragic intensity was not quite forthcoming when it was wanted. It can best be described as a Henry Irving part of the strongest pattern, a triple man—namely, a carneying sneak, a tipsy bully, and a hunted beast.

Though the heroine is kept somewhat in the background by the strength of the rival schoolfellows, Miss Millward brought her to distinction and prominence. This actress has true tenderness and unaffected pathos. She does more than stir the emotions. She touches the heart. A capital idea is contained in the two old fellows, so well acted by Mr. C. W. Somerset and Mr. J. D. Beveridge, who are always nagging and grumbling, and making it up again. But there is not time to develop the notion; it wants a play all to itself. Mr. Mackintosh must not be blamed if he did not quite hit the mark as the incomprehensible German, who is one of the biggest scoundrels in the play, and ends by becoming one of the most pronounced bores. I am not sure that the new system of whitewashing villains on the stage, in order to avoid conventionality, is not becoming as conventional as the formula that it deposes. I take it that the audience would have been heartily glad if

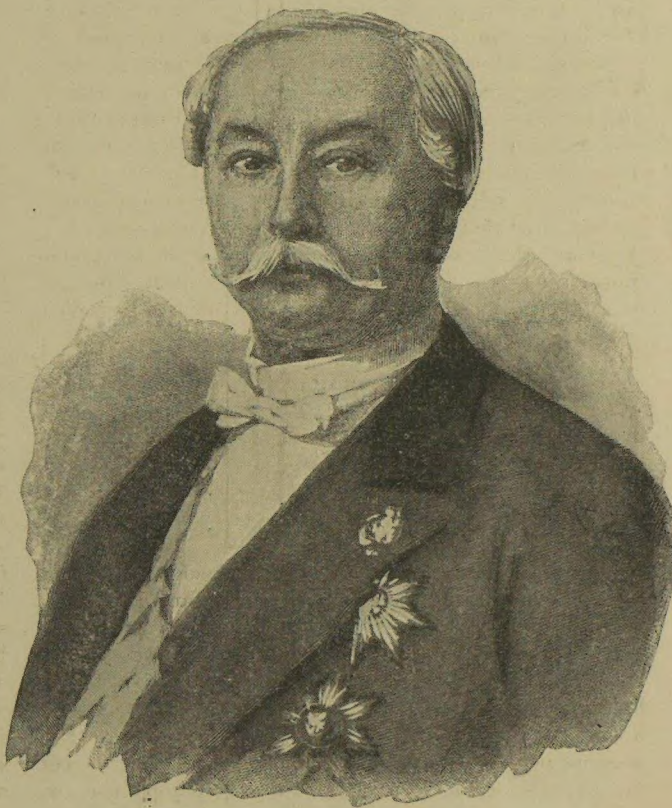
the plausible mouthing German and the Eton scoundrel had both been flung into a ravine, or rolled into a glacier in a spiked barrel. But it is the modern fashion to temper justice with mercy. So the lying thief of a German, who has not the pluck to do the crimes he suggests, but acts as the monkey did with the cat and the chestnuts, is allowed to be milkwashed of his crime on an Alpine pass, while his companion in iniquity is nearly saved from death by the man he has so despitely used. It will be a bad day for the drama when the clear note of justice is sounded no more. In smaller but still very important characters, Mr. Luigi Lablache and Miss Rose Nesbitt were of great value, and from first to last the new Adelphi play was received with tremendous enthusiasm.

The new musical play, "Monte Carlo," at the Avenue has met with a great and deserved success, and a capital company do full justice to a clever work of the Gilbert and Sullivan school. The music of Howard Talbot, the verses of Harry Greenbank, the acting of E. W. Garden and Emmie Owen, and the singing of Kate Cutler and Richard Green are all of the first-class order, and London wins one more graceful and refined entertainment with plenty of fun into the bargain.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LATE PRINCE LOBANOFF.

The sudden death from a heart-spasm of the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, Prince Alexis Lobanoff Rostovsky, while travelling on Sunday with his imperial master the Czar Nicholas II. and the Czarina, on their journey by railway to Kieff, on their return to Russia from Vienna, is regarded as an event of some political importance. Prince Lobanoff, who was nearly seventy-two years of age, had served in the Foreign Office



THE LATE PRINCE LOBANOFF,
RUSSIAN MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

from his youth, and was Secretary to Count Nesselrode from 1847 to 1850; he became, after the Crimean War, Minister-Plenipotentiary at Constantinople until 1863, after which he held a high office in the Russian Ministry of the Interior, but in 1878 was appointed successor of Count Ignatieff as Ambassador to the Ottoman Porte when the peace negotiations terminated with European Conferences and the conclusion of the Treaty of Berlin. During three years subsequently to that diplomatic settlement he was the Russian Ambassador in London; but his longest and not least valuable service as Ambassador was at the Austrian Court, where he remained thirteen years, contributing much, it is believed, to the maintenance of peace between the two great neighbouring military empires of Eastern Europe. He was, in the reign of the late Czar Alexander III., credited with a disposition averse to all that assuming Russian patronage of the Slav nationalities, the Bulgarian, Servian, Montenegrin, and others, which had characterised some acts of the preceding reign, that of Alexander II. It may have been due, in some measure, to his counsels, as well as to the formidable attitude of the Triple Alliance of Germany, Austria, and Italy, that further hostilities arising from the Eastern Question were avoided, while Russian policy took a different turn, professing its special regard for the preservation of the Sultan's empire. After the death of M. de Giers, who had been the chief director of foreign affairs at St. Petersburg, Prince Lobanoff was called upon to undertake that most weighty responsibility, which he had since discharged with considerable effect, seeking apparently to provide, by the cultivation of a mutual understanding between Russia and France, against future pressure on the side of the Triple Alliance, while acquiring both in Turkey and in China a degree of influence that may hereafter be asserted in favour of the Asiatic supremacy of Russia, without risking a disturbance of the settlement in Europe. These would seem to have been the political aims of the late Minister, and his intended visit to Paris in company with the Czar about Oct. 6 would probably have been most welcome to French politicians desirous of an effective

Russian alliance. Indeed, he was in France last year, sojourning at Contrexéville for the benefit of his health, and had an interview with M. Hanotaux, when arrangements may have been commenced for the imperial visit that will soon take place, when the absence of Prince Lobanoff may be felt by the French Government as a serious loss to their designs for the confirmation of an effective Russian alliance. On the other hand, it may come to pass, the more readily, perhaps, since the removal of a Minister notoriously averse to undertaking the arduous task of enforcing a tolerable settlement of the Asiatic provinces under Turkish dominion, that the young Czar will entertain, within the bounds of prudence and just regard for the other European Powers, the generous idea of delivering the Armenians from their intolerable condition. Geographical and strategical considerations, after all, make it impossible for any other Power than Russia to perform this service to humanity, which would entail, in any case, though it were undertaken with the consent and approval of Europe, prolonged and costly efforts not speedily to be recompensed by an enlarged territorial dominion. Prince Lobanoff, being no enthusiastic crusader or champion of Christian nationalities, but a practical statesman consulting only the substantial interests of Russia, had discouraged any renewal of the vast enterprises which the Czars Nicholas I. and Alexander II. attempted with questionable success.

THE CZAR AND CZARINA AT VIENNA.

The visit of their Imperial Majesties, Nicholas II. of Russia, and his consort, who should, we are told, properly be called the "Czaritzza"—but "Czarina" is the more accustomed word—to the Emperor and Empress of Austria, at Vienna, from Thursday morning to Saturday last week, seems to have been a very agreeable meeting and a popular festive occasion both for the Court and the citizens of that attractive capital city. The Czar and Czarina, arriving by special train at eleven o'clock, were met at the railway terminus by the Emperor Francis Joseph and the Empress Elizabeth, with all the Archdukes and Archduchesses of the imperial family, the Ministers and highest dignitaries of State, and the members of the Russian Embassy. The two wore, respectively, the military uniforms of regiments in each other's army; they shook hands together, and kissed the hands of each other's Empresses, whereupon those great ladies kissed each other. The Emperor of Austria conversed a few minutes with the Czar and with Prince Lobanoff, who accompanied his master. Two State carriages, one for the two Emperors, drawn by four white horses, the other, drawn by four brown horses, for the two Empresses, conveyed them to the Hofburg Palace, where some of the foreign Ambassadors were presented to the Czar by Count Goluchowski, Minister of Foreign Affairs. The Russian Embassy was in the afternoon visited by the Czar and Czarina, returning to a State banquet at the Hofburg, which was followed by a gala performance at the Court Opera-house. Next morning the Czar went to Lainz, near Schönbrunn, for some shooting in the imperial deer preserves, while the Czarina inspected the picture-galleries of the Imperial Art Museum, and called on the widowed Crown Princess Stéphanie, with whom she afterwards drove to rejoin the Czar at the Château of Lainz. On Saturday there was a military review, at which both Emperors were present, on the Schmalz parade-ground, before the departure of the Czar and Czarina on their way to Kieff, in Russia.

It is believed that the Emperors, with their Ministers, in these days, also held serious conference upon some questions of political importance. Prince Lobanoff and Count Goluchowski had certainly much conversation with each other, the result of which, since the Russian Minister's terribly sudden departure from this world, a day or two afterwards, by the death noticed in a separate article, may remain for ever locked up among the mysteries of occult and abortive statesmanship—or may have been communicated, even in so short an interval, to potentates who are wont to act upon deliberate plans and counsels when the opportunity comes to pass. This uncertain issue of the meeting of the two Emperors at Vienna appears indeed not unlikely to have some effect upon that of the approaching interview between the Czar and a third great monarch, the Emperor William II., at Breslau, and, at a later date, upon whatever discussions may take place at Paris when the Czar goes thither as the guest of the French Republic. In so great a degree, even at the present advanced stage of modern political history, do international affairs still depend on the personal inclinations and convictions of the rulers, whose responsibility is so tremendous that few private individuals would choose to sit upon their thrones. We can only hope that those who have enormous power will use it wisely.

COOKHAM, ON THE THAMES.

The most beautiful part of the banks of our royal river is usually considered to be that for several miles above Maidenhead, or, indeed, all the way up to Henley, passing between the shores of the fair counties of Berks and Bucks, with their richly wooded parks and rising grounds, which afford a pleasing variety of scenes after the level meadows that extend nearer Windsor. At Cookham, about halfway between Maidenhead and Great Marlow, those agreeable features of the country through which the Thames holds its stately and gentle course are more particularly engaging; and the steep bank, overhung with trees in their summer verdure at Cliveden, or Cliefden, as the name was formerly sometimes written, has been admired by boating parties summer after summer for two centuries past. The small Berkshire town or village of Cookham, which is the annual resort of many holiday parties, has an ancient church and other relics of bygone ages to be seen, and its neighbourhood is not destitute of romantic or historical associations, besides the prettiness of the water-side scenery and the rural quiet.



THE MASSACRES AT CONSTANTINOPLE: VIEW OF THE CITY AND THE GOLDEN HORN.

Drawn by William Simpson, R.I.

THE MASSACRES AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

Another terrible outbreak of Turkish mob violence—this time provoked by the outrageous act of a few reckless Armenian conspirators, but finding vent in savage wholesale slaughter to the destruction of above two thousand



Photo Downey, Ebury St. ect.

HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY SULTAN ABDUL HAMID OF TURKEY.

innocent people belonging to that oppressed race—has added to the infamy of the degenerate Ottoman rulers by again proving the Sultan's failure or unwillingness to protect his unhappy subjects. The conspiracy alluded to was conceived, apparently, by some of the Armenian exiles in France or other countries of Europe who belonged to the Anarchist or Nihilist sect, and with whom the recognised advocates of the claims of the Armenian nation to a more tolerable government, if not to Home Rule in those Asiatic provinces of the Turkish Empire chiefly inhabited by that people, have had nothing to do. A band of only five-and-twenty desperate men, supposed to be members of the secret society called the Hintchak, one by one, or in couples or small groups, carrying moderate-sized sacks made up to represent money-bags, entered the Ottoman Bank at Galata, the business part of Constantinople, on Wednesday, Aug. 26, intent not on the pillage of its hoard of cash, but on seizing that substantial building, which they meant to convert into a stronghold for an insurrection to spread among the non-Mussulman people of the great city. Their bags concealed dynamite bombs and a store of ammunition. At half-past one in the afternoon, collecting together in the hall, they suddenly attacked the clerks, door-keepers, porters, and messengers, and the gendarmes on guard, killing some of them with shots from revolvers which they carried, and, having cleared the premises, closed the doors, posted themselves at the windows and on the roof of the building, and fired upon the police who assembled outside when the alarm was given. They also threw

bombs into the streets, killing several persons by these exploding missiles. In other parts of the city detached parties of the conspirators had occupied private dwellings and warehouses, schools and monasteries, with rifles, pistols, and bombs to be used as means of conflict. The managers and directors of the Ottoman Bank, with Sir Edgar Vincent, the chairman, were in the upper rooms, but it was possible at the outset to escape over the roof; and Sir Edgar Vincent immediately went to the Sultan's Palace of Yildiz Kiosk to inform his Majesty of the outrage and to ask that the military should be sent to put a stop to violence and plunder.

Troops were accordingly brought to the Bank; and at a later hour the fifteen surviving Armenian malefactors—some of the original gang there having been killed by the fire of the soldiery—were compelled to surrender, not, indeed, to the Turkish authorities, but giving themselves up to Sir E. Vincent and M. Maximoff, the Dragoman of the Russian Embassy. In a parley with them through the windows, it was promised that their lives should be spared, and that they should be safely sent away. These terms were probably granted for the sake of the other Bank directors and officials who were yet in their power. Leaving their bombs and explosives, but keeping their revolvers, they were placed, but not as prisoners seemingly, on board Sir E. Vincent's yacht *Gulnare*. They were thence transferred to the French Messageries steamer, which conveyed them to Marseilles.

In the evening, when the rumour of these exciting incidents had spread to the lower classes of the Mohammedan population, crowds assembled in many streets of Galata and Pera and the suburbs intent upon vengeance, and began fiercely hunting down the Armenians, peaceable tradesfolk, artisans and labourers, at their own homes or wherever they could be found. The military, who by this time had entire command of the whole city, refrained from interfering, though repeatedly called upon and earnestly implored to stop the massacre, which was continued till midnight, and began afresh on Thursday morning. There was a renewed local riot, with more loss of life, on Saturday evening. Taking all together, it has been estimated that between two and three thousand victims perished at the hands of the ferocious rabble; in one place, between Dolma Baghtcheh and Tophaneh, fifty bodies lay in the open street, but those killed in the bazaars, the coffee-houses, and their own homes were more numerous than could easily be reckoned. Seven hundred and more were interred in one cemetery, and carts loaded with heaps of corpses were to be met in the streets. The dead mostly had their heads fractured with blows of heavy clubs. Very many of them belonged to the class of "hamals," porters or carriers employed between the vessels in the harbour and the warehouses and hotels. Labouring men of frugal habits and of extraordinary strength, often of the Armenian race, they will cheerfully take loads of five hundredweight on their backs; but they are water-drinkers, and eat little else than bread and onions. They are

generally peaceable and well-behaved fellows, but have not been spared in this outburst of fanatical rage and cruelty. Mr. Herbert, the Chargé d'Affaires at the British Embassy, at Therapia, seeing that the Embassy building, to which some people fled for safety, was approached in a menacing manner by crowds of Turks with bludgeons and clubs, sent a message to the commander of H.M.S. *Imogene*, asking for protection. A party of English seamen, armed with rifles, and with fixed bayonets, landed and marched to act as sentinels around the Embassy gardens; and the example was followed by several of the foreign Embassies obtaining sailors from the war-ships or guard-ships of their respective nations lying in the Bosphorus. English



HAMALS, OR STREET PORTERS, AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

families residing in the villages along the shore were taken on board H.M.S. *Dryad* or the Austrian Lloyd's steamer. In front of the village of Bebek lay H.M.S. *Cockatrice*, gun-boat, prepared to aid in repressing any attack upon our own countrymen. Sultan Abdul Hamid and his Minister, Tewfik Pasha, are said to have remonstrated or protested indignantly against these demonstrations of the British naval force. The British Ambassador, Sir Philip Currie, being in England, all the responsibility was left with Mr. Herbert. The diplomatic representatives of the other European Powers held conferences together on Friday and Saturday at the residence of the Austrian Embassy, and addressed to the Sultan, at his Yildiz Kiosk palace, a strong appeal to his Majesty to put a stop to the massacre of the Armenians, and to protect the persons, houses, and property of all classes and races of the city population. A large number of persons charged with rioting and acts of violence and outrage have been arrested in the last few days, but former experience has proved that there is small likelihood of any Mussulman ruffians being duly condemned for killing their Christian fellow-townsmen. The worst of it all, however, is the deliberate indifference, amounting to complicity, with which the Turkish military officers and the

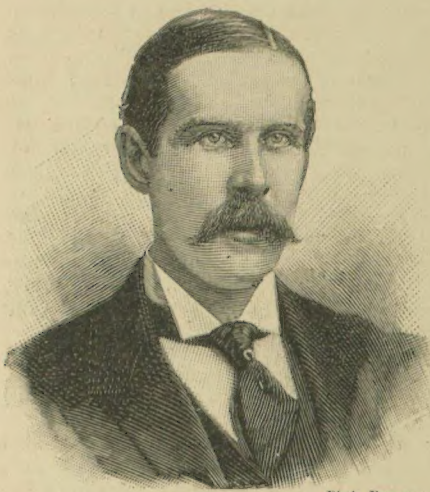
soldiers under their command, in Constantinople as well as in Crete and many towns of Asia Minor, are allowed to stand looking on while these atrocious massacres are perpetrated by the rabble, not in the course of any actual conflict, but in the tolerated indulgence of sheer malignity, which the Sultan and his Ministers have never yet reproved by any official declaration or action. If the few really guilty Armenian conspirators at the Ottoman Bank had been seized and had paid with their lives a just penalty for the crime they committed, and for which no excuse can be pleaded in any civilised country, the Sultan's rule would have incurred no fresh disgrace upon this occasion. But the slaughter of thousands of other people out of mere hatred of their race and religion, under the pretext of avenging that singularly wild offence against the peace of the city, is infinitely worse than the strange deed by which it was preceded.



VIEW OF THE GALATA QUARTER AND BRIDGE.

PERSONAL.

The choice of a successor to Sir Jacobus de Wet, as British Political Agent at Pretoria, to act under the



Mr. W. CONYNGHAM GREENE.

The New British Political Agent in the Transvaal.

directions of Lord Rosemead (Sir Hercules Robinson), the High Commissioner of the British Government for South African Affairs, in all business that may be needful concerning the South African Republic Government of the Transvaal, is obviously, just at this time, a matter of some im-

portance. We are happy to believe that a very good choice has been made by the selection of Mr. William Conyngham Greene, M.A., an experienced member of the Diplomatic Service of the Foreign Office, who has been Chargé d'Affaires at the Hague and speaks the Dutch language, to hold this appointment. He has been nineteen years in the public employment, has resided at different German Courts, and also in Persia, as Secretary of Legation at Teheran. Mr. Greene, who was educated at Harrow and at Oxford, is a nephew of the Right Rev. Lord Plunket, Archbishop of Dublin, and is married to a daughter of the Earl of Courtown.

Mr. Balfour's visit to Mr. Gladstone is one of the most interesting incidents in public life. At one time Mr. Gladstone was on terms of close personal intimacy with Lord Salisbury and his family. This was impaired by the storm and stress of party conflict, and it is more than ten years since Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Balfour last exchanged private confidences. They met then in a country-house, and Mr. Gladstone made his celebrated offer to support Lord Salisbury, then in office, in a Home Rule policy. Mr. Balfour was accompanied to Hawarden the other day by his sister. It is probable that he and his illustrious host had much to discuss without trenching on politics, which possess small interest for Mr. Gladstone now.

Lord Rosebery's suggestion of a national Scottish memorial of Stevenson has excited the ire of Mr. Robert Wallace, M.P., who denounces Stevenson as "a middle-class prig," guilty of "a mean, Pharisaical, gratuitous, and utterly inaccurate attack on the memory and character of Burns, a man worth a hundred of him." The idea of Stevenson as a Pharisee and a middle-class prig will be new to his admirers. A further specimen of Mr. Wallace's judgment is afforded by the quaint sentence, "I object to the proposed memorial without some qualification." How can you qualify a memorial? Perhaps Mr. Wallace would like to carve on the monument of Stevenson the subtle and discriminating criticism we have quoted.

Some compassion may be felt for the German Consul at Zanzibar. That energetic official, taking his stand on an extradition treaty, has refused to give up the worthy who recently proclaimed himself Sultan, and had his palace knocked about his ears by British shells. The pretender took refuge at the German Consulate, where he seems likely to remain for an indefinite period. As a guest he can scarcely be welcome, and the Consul must by this time have exhausted the conventional etiquette of Zanzibar hospitality. Meanwhile, the British authorities must feel considerably relieved by this shuffling of a disagreeable responsibility on to other shoulders.

The engagement of the Prince of Naples to Princess Hélène of Montenegro seems to be a diplomatic success of the first order. The beauty of the Princess—the Montenegrin Princesses have always been famous for their looks—has produced a perfect delirium in many a well-meaning vocabulary. Her gorgeous eyes and her blue-black hair appear to have escaped from one of Ouida's novels. The marriage is likely to give the greatest satisfaction to the Italians and Montenegrins alike. Prince Nicholas, however, has to make the most of his opportunities.

Some astonishment has been caused by the publication of a letter which Prince Bismarck wrote to the Emperor William I. in 1875. It was a reply to a letter from Queen Victoria to the Emperor urging him to desist from a policy which threatened another war between Germany and France. Prince Bismarck was believed, with excellent reason, to have contemplated the expediency of attacking France before she was ready for another trial of strength. Certainly nothing in his letter contradicts this theory. It is chiefly remarkable for a tone of undisguised animosity against England and our royal family. Had it been published at the time, it would have caused much more irritation here than the too famous telegram of William II. to President Kruger. After all these years, however, Englishmen are not likely to excite themselves over the ill-will of Prince Bismarck.

Li-Hung-Chang is pursuing in America that system of thoroughgoing inquiry which distinguished him here. This ought to please the Americans, for it is suggestive of one of their national traits. They never take anything for granted. Neither does Li. Some of his questions, however, are a little staggering even to his Transatlantic hosts. He wants to know why there are "so many generals" in the United States. He might extend the inquiry to colonels and judges. When he goes home he ought to write a book

on the wonderful mass of information he has acquired. We shall be astonished if some American publisher has not already opened negotiations with him.

The resignation of the Marquis Ito is a serious matter for Japan, and especially for foreign residents in that country. The Premiership of this distinguished statesman has been coincident with the most striking development of Japanese civilisation. He has pursued towards foreigners a policy of liberality for which they have reason to be grateful, and which they may have still more reason to look back upon with regretful longing, for the Marquis Ito was considerably in advance of the education of some Japanese politicians who may profit by his retirement.

The singing season has already begun in London. On Saturday, Aug. 29, Mr. Robert Newman inaugurated at the Queen's Hall his season of promenade concerts, which will last well into October. His scheme is an admirable one. He provides music night after night according to the names of musicians. There will be the Wagner night, the Beethoven night, the Mozart night, the Gounod and Sullivan night, the popular night, and the miscellaneous night—a collection which, if you reckon them up, will be found to include the musical possibilities of any single week. This is a generous as well as a prudent combination; for those who wish to choose their music the day of the week is already arranged, and those who do not care what they get, from Wagner to Waldeufel, can go when they please, secure of good fare. The concerts certainly deserve all the success which it seems likely that they will obtain.

The concert which inaugurated the season was in every way a singular success. It may be described as belonging to the category of miscellaneous nights. There was a little of Wagner, but in his most reckless and least mysterious mood—the prelude, that is, to the third act of "Lohengrin." Side by side with the prelude came extracts from "The Shop Girl," played upon cornets by the Park Sisters. Mr. Ffrangcon Davies sang with great intelligence Rossini's celebrated "Largo al factotum," but he lacked the potent volume of voice which should carry the thing through to complete success—the voice which Rossini was said to throw into it until the echoes rang again. There was other instrumental music, the most charmingly played being Grieg's suite (No. 1) from "Peer Gynt." Mr. Wood, despite his great energy and skill, did not touch Nikisch's amazing rendering of last year. And there were many songs, and there was much more instrumental music, and all went as merry as a marriage bell.

Prince Max of Saxony, the second son of the heir-presumptive to the throne of Saxony, has turned to neither the military nor the matrimonial career common among his kindred, but has entered the Church. Not as a royal chaplain either, nor as a candidate for instant episcopal honours, after the manner of so many reverend princes of past times. He has selected London as his field of service, and Whitechapel at that. There he has settled down as a curate, too, at the Church of St. Boniface, attended almost entirely by German artisans. He himself is proud to call himself a labourer; and in his first address to his flock he told them that he came to them, not as an ornamental prince, but as a priest who meant to be useful. He hopes to be called "Father" Max rather than Prince Max, but on that matter Germans are a little conservative. Some years ago a Prince of the house of Hohenlohe became a famous priest, whose reputed miracles were discussed by our own *Quarterly* reviewers. But Father Max's close association with a reigning house gives a special piquancy to his entry upon the duties of a priest under conditions likely to put his enthusiasm to no easy test.

The late Sir Robert Duff, Governor of New South Wales, was an office-bearer in St. James's Episcopal Church, Stonehaven, a little fishing town in Kincardineshire. A tablet to his memory has been erected in the church by subscriptions from the women of New South Wales, who sent it to this country. The tablet was unveiled by Mr. R. W. Duff, son of the late Governor.

Lieutenant Dan Godfrey is expected to resign his position as bandmaster of the Grenadier Guards, after a very long and distinguished service. His family is inseparably associated with military bands, for his father, Charles Godfrey, was bandmaster of the Coldstreams and Musician-in-Ordinary to the King, and his two brothers were bandmasters in the Foot Guards. Forty years ago Dan Godfrey played the Guards into London on their return from the Crimea, and in 1872 he took his band to New York. His dance music is known all over the world.

Doncaster Races, beginning on Monday, promise to be well attended. The Prince of Wales is expected there on his return from Homburg. Special express trains of the Great Northern Railway are to leave King's Cross at 9.40 on each race day, with luncheon for the first-class passengers, and on Monday two afternoon express trains, at 3.15 and 5.40. There will be daily evening return express trains to London, one with a dining car. On the St. Leger day early cheap excursion trains will be available from London and Woolwich.

CUBBING.

How crisp the air is! There is white frost on the north side of the hedgerows—frost, and yet no sign of autumn in the foliage. The partridges are out among the corn-stocks; a few longtails are stalking along the edge of the coppice, disdaining association with the partridges. A hare comes ambling down the field-path, pauses, with the red veins in its ears showing against the pink of the eastern sky, and then darts into cover. There is a scent of mushrooms in the air. There they are, in the next ley-field, dotted all over the sward. You could fill a peck measure in a few minutes. The grass is dripping with dew; the leaves of the bramble are white, and a mist hangs like a film in the valley, marking the sinuous course of the brook. In two months' time the stream will not be fordable; the equinoctial rains will swell it bank high, and there will be emulation among the thrusters when the hounds lead that way. But to-day we cross the stream-let on stepping-stones, and ascend into the dense boskage of a great covert. We shall find the hounds presently. They meet on the plateau above the wood, at the old stone cross.

Hark! there is a challenge. Yes, a cub is afoot. Keep a keen look-out across the clearing. The main earths are about five hundred yards from where we are sitting, and it is a ten-to-one chance that the cub will make for them. What a peal! The whole pack give tongue in varied tones, the treble of the young hounds, the soft bell-like notes of the bitches, and the deep organ-like music of the old dog-hounds. Above all sounds the mellow twang, twang of the horn, and now and again the wood echoes with the "Yi! have at him, there!" of the old huntsman. Can you tell me of a combination of sounds more maddeningly joyous? It stirs the blood, itingles through every nerve.

Hist! here he comes; there is the first cub of the season. He is very tawny on the back, and snowy-white on the chest, and his black pads look as if they had been polished. His brush is up; there is bewilderment in his quick glance at us; and, in a curious posture of hesitancy, he stands for a couple of seconds, holding up one front paw, with his sharp muzzle held on one side as he listens to the approaching chorus of the hounds. There is no need to scare him with a holloa. The hounds need no help this morning. They crash through the bracken, and speed a dappled mass across the glade. There are 10 skitters and babblers. Even the young hounds speak to every yard of the line; and the twang, twang of the horn to call up the potterers is quite superfluous. The cub has reached the earths; but, alas! he finds a stout faggot thrust into the mouth of every tunnel. But his education has not been neglected by his vixen mother. He has taught him the whole art of hunting rabbits; and already he knows more about the mystery of scent than Assheton Smith learned in a lifetime. He goes down a water-course for two hundred yards, runs back on his own trail, and jumps over the brook. His next point is for the five acres of stiff gorse on the plateau; and there he will creep and crawl among the stems, protected from the spikes by his hairy coat, while the hounds force their way, and prick their noses, and tear their ears among the sharp points of the furze. Dan, the huntsman, in his faded pink coat, comes cantering down the main ride. There are half-a-dozen riders behind him; the first whip, with a shaven, keen, foxy face, is at the mare's heels on his cob. A banker from the county town, in a check shooting-coat and butcher boots, a fat farmer on a scrubby horse, a couple of grooms on young hunters, a girl on a pony, and a youth bestriding an eighty-guinea mount, make up the field. They ride gingerly across the boggy strip at the head of the clearing. At the cross-rides everyone pulls up to listen. "Hoic, forward!" sounds from above, where the second whip is in ambush. It is as we predicted, the cub has gone to the gorse. We must ascend two hundred feet if we wish to see any more of the chase.

Every step of the way between the grey stems of the beeches conjures reminiscences of bygone days with the hounds. It was from that bramble patch that we roused the gaunt veteran of ten seasons; the fox that gave at least half-a-score of brilliant runs, and led us more than once into the remotest corner of the neighbouring territory. One day our ancient friend had dined not wisely but too well, and being full of meat, he forgot that the hounds would be in the wood at twelve o'clock. So we found him napping, and he jumped up in view, and raced us down to the brook, and through eight parishes, and we killed him at half-past three, sixteen miles and a half, as the crow flies, from the point where we found him. Over there, by the holly-bush, we ran a fox to ground one spring day; and when we put the terrier to ground, he bolted three more foxes and a rabbit. *Mirabile dictu!* a rabbit hobnobbing with four foxes!

Now we are on the common, and there are the hounds in the gorse. A grand panorama spreads around for leagues, a scene of woodland, vale, and mead, lit golden by the morning sun. "Eu-lup, yi, try over there, my beauties!" The cub has dodged the pack out of scent, and Dan has ridden his horse into the gorse, and is "drawing." For ten minutes there is a forlorn silence, excepting Dan's voice, which rings out clearly and tunefully at intervals. Then comes a long-drawn note from an old hound. "Hark to him, hark to him!" The hounds fly to Bellman, the reliable and veracious; there is a renewed din, a blast from the horn, a piercing view-holloa from the second whip, and the cub runs in full view down to the valley. The pack fly at their fastest, their noses are held high, and they are coursing the cub in a marshy meadow near the brook. "Whoo-hoop!" it is all over with the little cub. In four minutes not a trace of him remains, save his head, which hangs from Dick's saddle, and the brush, which the huntsman hands to the pretty girl on the pony. A keeper in velveteens comes up to say that there are two more cubs afoot in the wood. He is obviously anxious that the foxes shall be thinned down; for they are "doin' a sight o' mischief wi' the guv'nor's pheasants." Well, let those who have horses descend. For our part we will recline here in the sun, and watch the landscape. If the hunt comes our way in half-an-hour well and good. If not we will return to breakfast, and deliver a homily on the benefits of early rising to those lie-a-beds who are just now rubbing their sleepy eyelids in the glare of the seven o'clock sunshine.

G. M.



Photo Otto Mayer, Dresden.

PRINCE MAX OF SAXONY.

Priest of a Roman Catholic Church in London.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg, with her children, and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, on Monday evening left Osborne for Balmoral, arriving there next day early in the afternoon.

Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark visited Her Majesty at Osborne last week, staying there from Thursday evening to Saturday morning.

The Prince of Wales is expected to return at the end of this week from Homburg. The Duke of York has been shooting in the Highlands, and was the guest of Lord Hindlip at Invermark, Glenesk.

The Duke of Cambridge, staying with the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry at Seaham, inspected the Harbour Boys' Brigade, saw them go through manoeuvres, and addressed them with good advice. He also witnessed the Cyclists' Church Parade on Sunday, and on Saturday inspected the 3rd Durham Artillery Volunteers.

A division of the troops at Aldershot Camp, under command of Major-General Kelly Kenny, marched on Friday from Pirbright to Frensham, in movement preparatory to the autumn military manoeuvres. The Duke of Connaught inspected other divisions at Aldershot, and those of Lord Methuen and Lord Seymour performed special operations. On Saturday there was an engagement between General Kelly Kenny's troops and those of General Bengough, on the Kettlebury Hills. On Monday, Colonel Fetherstonhaugh and Lord Falmouth, in the Wolmer Forest district, performed a sham fight, witnessed by Lord Wolseley and the Duke of Connaught.

The standing feud between the Lowestoft fishermen and those of Cornwall, which last season gave serious trouble to the magistrates and police at several places along the Cornish coast, has broken out again, but this time at Scarborough, whither both of them resort for the purpose of fishing. The Cornishmen do not fish on Sundays, but those of the east coast, at any rate of Lowestoft, have no such scruple; wherefore, on Saturday night, they fought with sticks and stones on the harbour pier and wharves of Scarborough, even desecrating, it is to be feared, the early Sabbath hours. Seamen from H.M.S. *Seamew* and H.M.S. *Hearty* were called upon to land and aid the police.

The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour has been at Manchester, and has also visited Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden. On Monday, near Wilmslow, Cheshire, he laid the foundation-stone of cottage homes for children, to be built by the Chorlton-on-Medlock (Manchester) Board of Guardians, and delivered two speeches on Poor-law administration.

Disputes between employers and employed in the engineering trade of Scotland and in the iron shipbuilding yards of the Tyne, the Clyde, and Belfast, threaten to cause a lock-out after Sept. 12, and an interruption of those industries.

A party of three hundred members and friends of the Iron and Steel Institute left England, by steamer from Tilbury, on Saturday, for a tour of scientific and practical inspection and inquiry into the iron-mining districts of the north of Spain. Sir David Dale, the president, Sir Lowthian Bell, Dr. Anderson, Director of Woolwich Arsenal, and other gentlemen notably conversant with the iron manufacture, take part in this expedition.

The annual Conference of the Institute of Journalists was opened under the presidency of Mr. Willox, M.P., at Belfast, on Monday.

The cricket season closed this week with matches on Monday, at Brighton, between Surrey and Sussex; at Manchester, between Lancashire and Warwickshire; and at Scarborough the Australians contended with Mr. C. I. Thornton's eleven. Mr. Ranjitsinhji has scored 2757 runs during the season. In the season of 1871 Dr. W. G. Grace made a total of 2739.

A Convention of nearly two thousand "Irish Race" delegates, many from America and the Colonies, has been assembled at Dublin, sitting in the Leinster Hall, connected with the Nationalist party. The Roman Catholic Bishop of Raphoe, Dr. O'Donnell, presided, and Mr. Justin McCarthy, Mr. John Dillon, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, with other Irish Members of Parliament, attended the meetings, but not Mr. Healy or Mr. Redmond.

On the Continent there are no political events just now, except that the death of Prince Lobanoff and the situation of Turkey may give diplomatists some occasion to turn round. The German, Austrian, and Russian Emperors are intent on military reviews, hunting parties, and visiting tours. The meeting, at Breslau, of the Czar with the Emperor William is the next incident of that kind.

Spain is sending troops to check rebellion in the Philippine Isles, where fighting has already begun at Manila, while she has still her hands full of it in Cuba.

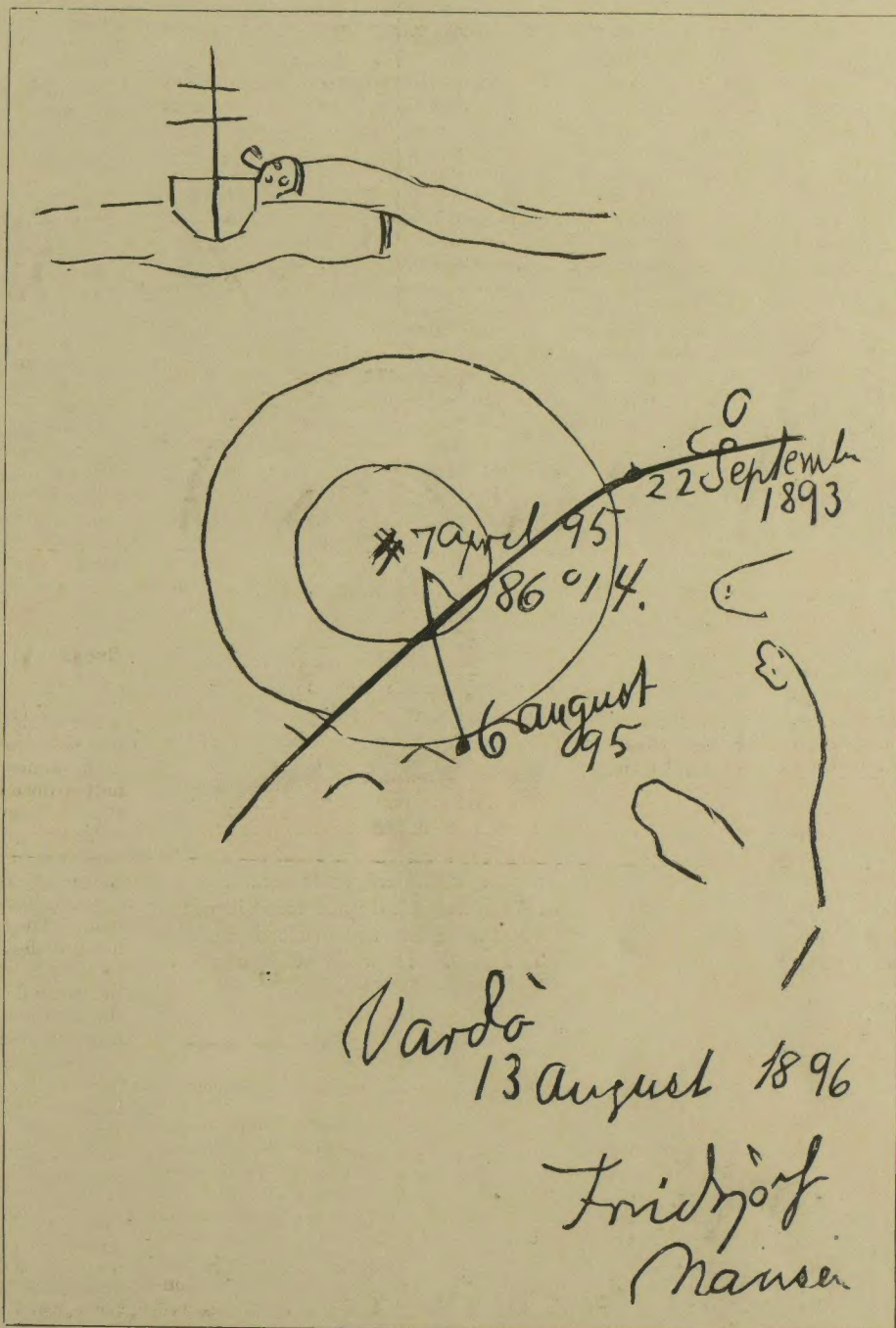
Italy has a quarrel with the Brazilian Republic on account of the ill-treatment of some Italians at San Paulo, and reparation is demanded by a special envoy, Signore di Martino, in the cruiser *Piemonte*, despatched to Rio de Janeiro.

In the United States, Mr. McKinley has consented to be the candidate of the Republican party at the Presidential election. Li-Hung-Chang, on his arrival at New York from England, was received with public and private attentions, and was visited by President Cleveland, but not officially. He proceeds to the western coast, on his way to China.

The arrival of Lord Rosmead (Sir Hercules Robinson), the returning Governor of the Cape Colony and High Commissioner, on Tuesday at Capetown, was greeted with much satisfaction. Another interview with some of the Matabili chiefs in the Matoppe Hills, undertaken by Mr. Cecil Rhodes, Mr. Colenbrander, and their coadjutors, took place on Saturday at Usher's Farm, near Bulawayo. It appears that some of the chiefs are not yet inclined to desist from fighting.

AN AUTOGRAPH SKETCH CHART BY DR. NANSEN.

Our correspondent in Norway has obtained for us the interesting memorial of Dr. Nansen's Polar exploring voyage which is reproduced in facsimile on this page. In the first moment he had to spare, amidst the greetings



DR. NANSEN'S ROUTE TO THE NORTH POLE, DRAWN BY HIMSELF.

and talk of friends who met him when he put his foot upon the shore of his native land, and in aid of his efforts to make them understand what had been the course of his famous steamer, the *Fram*, after quitting the New Siberian Islands, Dr. Nansen hastily made a rough little sketch, merely to show the directions and bearings, to serve just as a help to the conversation. A traveller stopping by the wayside on his homeward road, and telling his story to a casual auditor, might scrawl with the point of his walking-stick, on the sand or snow, pretty much this kind of map. "Here, you see," Dr. Nansen might say, "this cross I make in the centre is the North Pole; this circle drawn around it represents the latitude of the point, to the north of Franz Josef Land, where I was on Aug. 6, 1895. There, in the upper corner to the left hand, are the New Siberian Islands, from which the *Fram* sailed at such a date; and yonder, at the side to the right, is a line showing where she got into pack ice, on Sept. 22, 1895. You see, when we, Mr. Johansen and I, left the ship, we took the most direct line from her route towards the Pole until we had to turn back. There is the line, to the left, marking the way of our journey back, coming to the west coast of Franz Josef Land, where we passed the winter in our stone hut. The upper headland to the right is Cape Tchelguskin, beyond which is outlined the north coast of Siberia, and the island to the left is Nova Zembla. These you can see on the map in any atlas, placed quite correctly." Geographical accuracy would not be needful in such a manner of illustrating the voyager's tale.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

This must be a holiday article, for, like all the world (and his wife) I have departed for a brief rest from the labours of the day and the hour. Talking of all the world, and of his wife especially, we have lately been entertained with a discussion on the question whether it is in any way an advantageous or desirable thing that a married couple should separate for say a month each year, so as to initiate a new departure in their intellectual relationships. Judging by the number of Englishmen who, as I write, are strolling round the courtyard of the Hôtel de l'Univers at Brussels accompanied by their better halves, the fruit of the recent discussion seems to have rather stimulated matters in the opposite direction to that advocated by the journals. For respectable middle-class folks (I leave the "hupper suckles" out of count entirely, of course, for their practices often tend to the diverging of the household pathways very decidedly), it is true, there is a possibility of the husband and wife parting company for a month or so; but for the masses the plan would prove impossible.

Certain ultra-selfish males would no doubt be delighted to escape from the family life, but this would simply mean in many cases that the wife would continue her burden of daily cares and worries, which do not cease even when she goes to the seaside. The male person escapes these perpetual cares and duties: the woman rarely or ever. But even allowing that it may be good for any two to separate for a time for purposes of renewing and reinvigorating the mental powers, it is doubtful if in practice the plan would be productive of as much benefit as its advocates maintain. A lady whose views on most things are both just and emphatic, tells me that in her opinion, if there is to be separation for purposes of mutual and mental improvement, the wife should have the first call in the matter. She asks me to consider that it is the wife who usually leads a life of the most monotonous kind, with her daily round of duties, while it is the male side of the house who enjoys whatever gaieties are going. Then, you have the perpetual catering for the household on the part of the wife, who comes to regard a stay at an hotel, when she has not to trouble over the inevitable "What's for dinner" question, as a veritable oasis in the desert of domestic life. My lady critic tells me that "good women don't want to be parted from good husbands and their children," but she is very strong on the point that if there is any benefit to be derived from the little social sentence of temporary banishment the wife should have the first option.

One semi-medical journal, I observe, approves of the plan on account of the mental stimulus such separation would involve, by freeing both sides from the ordinary intercourse of the day. The man in the street may suggest that there might be a higher probability of mental stimulation being found at home than abroad. Anyhow, the silly season this year may be credited with having contributed one more topic whereon the pens of those people who seem always to find plenty of leisure "to write to the papers" can be exercised. I do not suppose any husband or wife will ever seriously contemplate the separation idea as an aid to mental culture. Most of us in a reasonable way arrange these little matters satisfactorily enough, quite apart from fixed rules or even scientifically evolved outside advice.

Talking of writing to the papers reminds me that I have a little grievance to ventilate in the interests of the travelling public. I came to Brussels by the Ostend route, and the pace made by the new boats—ours was one of Denny's Clyde-built craft, I was glad to see—must, of course, satisfy everybody. But woe is me for the South-Eastern Railway's baggage arrangements if one happen to desire to rest at Brussels en route! The South-Eastern folks will register your baggage to Ostend, but not to Brussels. At Ostend the usual Custom-House farce is enacted, and by the time your heavy portmanteau (which you cannot possibly take into the carriage with you, not being an unreasonable person or a peripatetic foreigner) emerges from the steamer's hold, and has been chalked by the Customs, you find the Brussels trains have duly departed. The other day, expeditious as I was, being an old hand at this sort of thing, and lavish as I was in the matter of backsheesh, I was left behind. I had to cab it from the Quai station to the town station (the cocher asked four francs and got two), to wait there—or at least in an adjacent hostel—for an hour or so, and then by a relatively slow train, which started twenty minutes late, I arrived tired and wearied in Brussels at half-past eight p.m., when six o'clock should have found me seated at dinner. I therefore say to my readers, Don't go by the South-Eastern and Ostend route if you intend breaking your journey at Brussels. The other railway companies will register baggage through to the Belgian capital: the South-Eastern do not or will not. Why, I leave it to that highly energetic and enterprising company to explain.

THE TROUBLE IN CRETE.

The Ambassadors of the Great European Powers—namely, Great Britain, Russia, France, Germany, Austria, and Italy—have obtained the assent of Sultan Abdul Hamid to a scheme for the better government of the island of Crete, under a Vali, who is to be a Christian, holding office for five years, and not to be removed except by the consent of the European Powers, with a Legislative Assembly, judges, and police, to act independently of orders from the Porte, and with a separate system of finance and taxation, only paying a yearly tribute. The adoption of this scheme is now awaiting its acceptance by the leaders of the Cretan National party, whose representative members of the Assembly convened at the town of Canea have been invited to resume their personal attendance. Fighting still goes on in some districts of the island, where both Mohammedans and Christians indulge in deeds of cruelty and the slaughter of defenceless people. Canea and other coast towns are thronged with fugitives, to whom bread and clothing are distributed at the cost of the English relief fund. This is the character of a scene delineated in one of our correspondent's recent sketches. It is well understood that the agents of British charity, one of whom is Mr. Bickford Smith, son-in-law of the late Mr. John Hilary Skinner, the well-known special correspondent of the *Daily News* who visited Crete during the former insurrection thirty years ago, strictly refrain from encouraging the revolt of the Greek population. Mr. Bilotti, the British Consul at Canea, has, under the direction of our Foreign Office, exerted his influence with the Turkish administrative officials to procure for the distributors of relief, wherever they may be able to travel in the island, not only protection for their own persons, but all needful facilities and accommodation. Yet their task in the western and the interior districts, where anarchy prevails to a great extent, with the



THE TROUBLE IN CRETE: DISTRIBUTION OF BREAD TO CHRISTIAN REFUGEES AT CANEA.

From a Sketch by the Rev. W. C. Bourchier, Naval Chaplain H.M.S. "Hood."

continual outbreak of fresh conflicts between factions of the local peasantry and hostile classes or races or religions in almost every town or village, unchecked by the Sultan's military force, cannot be otherwise than difficult and sometimes perilous.

points is but ninety miles. The health of the troops is now very good, and the saddening influence of the late deaths from cholera among the English officers must pass away, since the epidemic has ceased. Our Artist's sketch, called "The Shadow of Death," is but a token of such recollections.

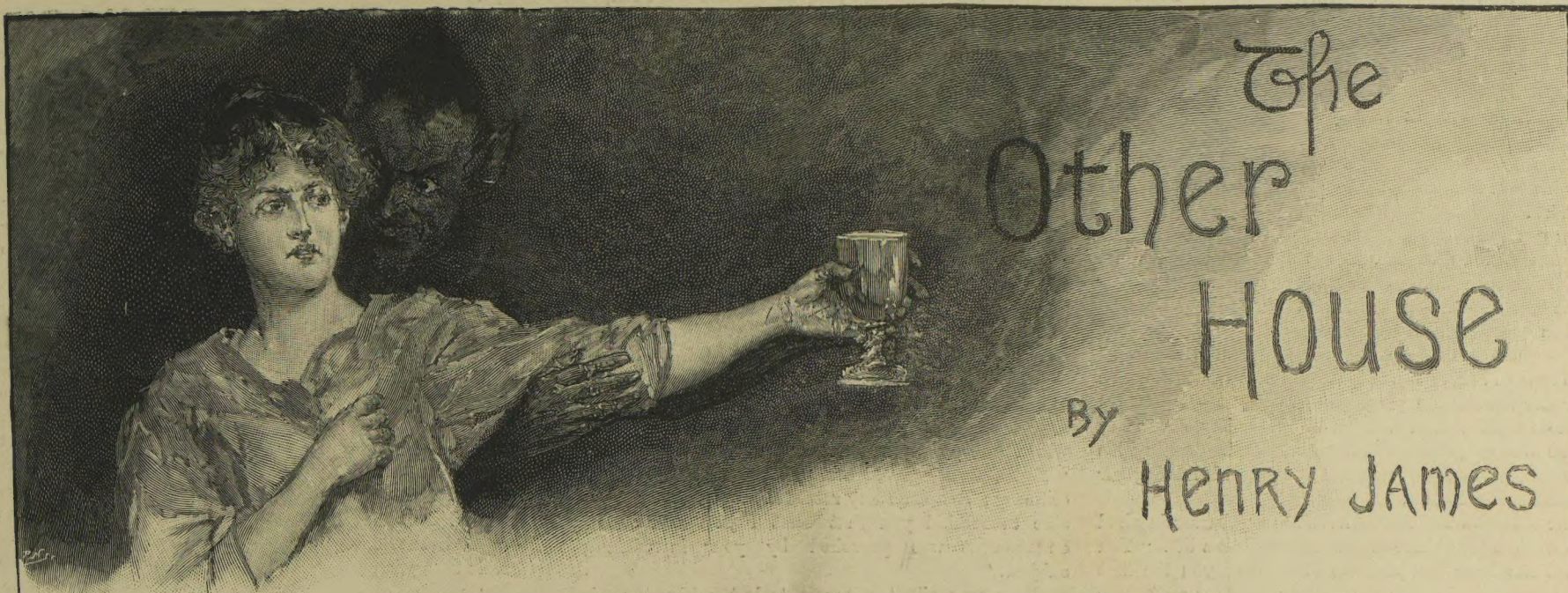
THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.

Sudden and violent changes of wind and weather on the Upper Nile, tremendous storms, now of sand now of rain, with floods in the narrow ravines of the rocky region adjacent to the river at certain places where its course intersects the hill-ranges traversing the Soudan Desert, have seriously interfered with military preparations. A former English popular notion of Egypt and the adjacent territories—that of a country where it never rained, a climate of perpetual serenity—must have been dispelled among those who were in camp with Sir Herbert Kitchener's native army and auxiliary British troops, on two or three days last week, enduring fierce tempests, with an immense downpour of water, strangely alternating with dry sandstorms, almost unexampled in most other parts of the world. The effects on the line of railroad newly laid down between Abu Sari and Sarras, above the Second Cataract, were very destructive, the rails for a length of six miles being quite washed away by a torrent of huge force and of considerable depth. It will require a fortnight's work to repair the damage, and the advance of the expedition, whose farthest post is now at Abourat, thirty-four miles beyond Kosheh, must be so much delayed. The steam-boats, however, now ply regularly up and down the river between Abu Sari and Kosheh, maintaining the communications of all the military posts. It is understood that when the barges intended for the transport of supplies for the troops now being passed up the lower rapids of the Second Cataract have arrived, an immediate advance will be made from Abourat on Dongola. The distance between these



THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA: THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.



ILLUSTRATED BY WAL PAGET.

XXV.

The others had been so absorbed that they had not seen Jean Martle approach, and she, on her side, was close to them before appearing to perceive a stranger in the gentleman who held Effie in his lap and whom she had the air of having assumed, at a greater distance, to be Anthony Bream. Effie's reach toward her friend was so effective that, with Vidal's obligation to rise, it enabled her to slip from his hands and rush to avail herself of the embrace offered her, in spite of a momentary arrest, by Jean. Rose, however, at the sight of this movement, was quicker than Jean to catch her; she seized her almost with violence, and, holding her as she had held her before, dropped again upon the bench and presented her as a yielding captive. This act of appropriation was confirmed by the flash of a fine glance—a single gleam, but direct—which, however, producing in Jean's fair face no retort, had only the effect of making her look, in gracious recognition, at Dennis. He had evidently, for the moment, nothing but an odd want of words to meet her with; but this, precisely, gave her such a sense of having disturbed a scene of intimacy that, to be doubly courteous, she said: "Perhaps you remember me. We were here together—"

"Four years ago—perfectly," Rose broke in, speaking for him with an amenity that might have been intended as a quick corrective of any impression conveyed by her grab of the child. "Mr. Vidal and I were just talking of you. He has come back, for the first time since then, to pay us a little visit."

"Then he has things to say to you that I've rudely interrupted. Please excuse me—I'm off again," Jean went on to Dennis. "I only came for the little girl." She turned back to Rose. "I'm afraid it's time I should take her home."

Rose sat there like a queen-regent with a baby sovereign on her knee. "Must I give her up to you?"

"I'm responsible for her, you know, to Gorham," Jean returned.

Rose gravely kissed her little ward, who, now that she was apparently to be offered the entertainment of a debate in which she was so closely concerned, was clearly prepared to contribute to it the calmness of impartial beauty at a joust. She was just old enough to be interested, but she was just young enough to be judicial; the lap of her present friend had the compass of a small child-world, and she perched there in her loveliness as if she had been Helen on the walls of Troy. "It's not to Gorham I'm responsible," Rose presently answered.

Jean took it good humouredly. "Are you to Mr. Bream?"

"I'll tell you presently to whom." And Rose looked intelligently at Dennis Vidal.

Smiled at in alternation by two clever young women, he had yet not, sufficiently to achieve a jocosse manner, shaken off his sense of the strange climax of his conversation with the elder of them. He turned about



"God forbid I should understand you," she panted.

awkwardly, as he had done four years before, for the hat it was one of the privileges of such a colloquy to make him put down in an odd place. "I'll go over to Bounds," he said to Rose. And then to Jean, to take leave of her: "I'm staying at the other house."

"Really? Mr. Bream didn't tell me. But I must never drive you away. You've more to say to Miss Armiger than I have. I've only come to get Effie," Jean repeated.

Dennis at this, brushing off his recovered hat, gave way to his thin laugh. "That, apparently, may take you some time!"

Rose generously helped him off. "I've more to say to Miss Martle than I've now to say to you. I think that what I've already said to you is quite enough."

"Thanks, thanks—quite enough. I'll just go over."

"You won't go first to Mrs. Beever?"

"Not yet—I'll come in this evening. Thanks, thanks!"

Dennis repeated with a sudden dramatic gaiety that was presumably intended to preserve appearances—to acknowledge Rose's aid and, in a spirit of reciprocity, cover any exposure she might herself have incurred. Raising his hat, he passed down the slope and disappeared, leaving our young ladies face to face.

Their situation might still have been embarrassing had Rose not taken immediate measures to give it a lift. "You must let me have the pleasure of making you the first person to hear of a matter that closely concerns me." She hung fire, watching her companion; then she brought out: "I'm engaged to be married to Mr. Vidal."

"Engaged?"—Jean almost bounded forward, holding up her relief like a torch.

Rose greeted with laughter this natural note. "He arrived half an hour ago, for a supreme appeal—and it has not, you see, taken long. I've just had the honour of accepting him."

Jean's movement had brought her so close to the bench that, though slightly disconcerted by its action on her friend, she could only, in consistency, seat herself. "That's very charming—I congratulate you."

"It's charming of *you* to be so glad," Rose returned. "However, you've the news in all its freshness."

"I appreciate that too," said Jean. "But fancy my dropping on a conversation of such importance!"

"Fortunately you didn't cut it short. We had settled the question. He had got his answer."

"If I had known it I would have congratulated Mr. Vidal," Jean pursued.

"You would have frightened him out of his wits—he's so dreadfully shy!" Rose laughed.

"Yes—I could see he was dreadfully shy. But the great thing," Jean candidly added, "is that he was not too dreadfully shy to come back to you."

Rose continued to be moved to mirth. "Oh, I don't mean with *me*! He's as bold with me as I am—for instance—with you." Jean had not touched the child, but Rose smoothed out her ribbons as if to redress some previous freedom. "You'll think that says everything. I can easily imagine how you judge my frankness," she added. "But of course I'm grossly immodest—I always was."

Jean wistfully watched her light hands play here and there over Effie's adornments. "I think you're a person of great courage—if you'll let me also be frank. There's nothing in the world I admire so much—for I don't consider that I've, myself, a great deal. I daresay, however, that I should let you know just as soon if I were engaged."

"Which, unfortunately, is exactly what you're not!" Rose, having finished her titivation of the child, sank comfortably back on the bench. "Do you object to my speaking to you of that?" she asked.

Jean hesitated; she had only after letting them escape become conscious of the reach of her words, the inadvertence of which showed how few waves of emotion her scene with Paul Beever had left to subside. She coloured as she replied: "I don't know how much you know."

"I know everything," said Rose. "Mr. Beever has already told me."

Jean's flush, at this, deepened. "Mr. Beever already doesn't care!"

"That's fortunate for *you*, my dear! Will you let me tell you," Rose continued, "how much I do?"

Jean again hesitated, looking, however, through her embarrassment, very straight and sweet. "I don't quite see that it's a thing you should tell me or that I'm really obliged to hear. It's very good of you to take an interest—"

"But however good it may be, it's none of my business: is that what you mean?" Rose broke in. "Such an answer is doubtless natural enough. My having hoped you would accept Paul Beever, and above all my having rather publicly expressed that hope, is an apparent stretch of discretion that you're perfectly free to take up. But you must allow me to say that the stretch is more apparent than real. There's discretion and discretion—and it's all a matter of motive. Perhaps you can guess mine for having found a reassurance in the idea of your definitely bestowing your hand. It's a very small and a very pretty hand, but its possible action is out of proportion to its size and even to its beauty. It was not a question of meddling in your affairs—your affairs were only one side of the

matter. My interest was wholly in the effect of your marriage on the affairs of others. Let me say, moreover," Rose went smoothly and inexorably on, while Jean, listening intently, drew shorter breaths and looked away, as if in growing pain, from the wonderful white, mobile mask that supplied half the meaning of this speech—"let me say, moreover, that it strikes me you hardly treat me with fairness in forbidding me an allusion that has after all so much in common with the fact, in my own situation, as to which you've no scruple in showing me your exuberant joy. You clap your hands over *my* being—if you'll forgive the vulgarity of my calling things by their names—got out of the way; yet I must suffer in silence to see you rather more in it than ever."

Jean turned again upon her companion a face bewildered and alarmed: unguardedly stepping into water that she had believed shallow, she found herself caught up in a current of fast-moving depths—a cold, full tide that set straight out to sea. "Where *am* I?" her scared silence seemed for the moment to ask. Her quick intelligence indeed, came to her aid, and she spoke in a voice out of which she showed that she tried to keep her heart-beats. "You call things, certainly, by names that are extraordinary; but I, at any rate, follow you far enough to be able to remind you that what I just said about your engagement was provoked by your introducing the subject."

Rose was silent a moment, but without prejudice, clearly, to her firm possession of the ground she stood on—a power to be effectively cool in exact proportion as her interlocutress was troubled. "I introduced the subject for two reasons. One of them was that your eager descent upon us at that particular moment seemed to present you in the light of an inquirer whom it would be really rude not to gratify. The other was just to see if you would succeed in restraining your glee."

"Then your story isn't true?" Jean asked with a promptitude that betrayed the limits of her circumspection.

"There you are again!" Rose laughed. "Do you know your apprehensions are barely decent? I haven't, however, laid a trap with a bait that's all make-believe. It's perfectly true that Mr. Vidal has again pressed me hard—it's not true that I've yet given him an answer completely final. But as I mean to at the earliest moment, you can say so to whomever you like."

"I can surely leave the saying so to *you*!" Jean returned. "But I shall be sorry to appear to have treated you with a want of confidence that may give you a complaint to make on the score of my manners—as to which you set me too high an example by the rare perfection of your own. Let me simply let you know, then, to cover every possibility of that sort, that I intend, under no circumstances—ever—ever—to marry. So far as that knowledge may satisfy you, you're welcome to the satisfaction. Perhaps in consideration of it," Jean wound up, with an effect that must have struck her own ear as the greatest she had ever produced—"perhaps in consideration of it you'll kindly do what I ask you."

The poor girl was destined to see her effect reduced to her mere personal sense of it. Rose made no movement save to lay her hands on Effie's shoulders, while that young lady looked up at the friend of other occasions in round-eyed detachment, following the talk enough for curiosity, but not enough either for comprehension or for agitation. "You take my surrender for granted, I suppose, because you've worked so long to produce the impression, which no one, for your good fortune, has gainsaid, that she's safe only in your hands. But I gainsay it at last, for her safety becomes a very different thing from the moment you give such a glimpse of your open field as you must excuse my still continuing to hold that you do give. My 'knowledge'—to use your term—that you'll never marry has exactly as much and as little weight as your word for it. I leave it to your conscience to estimate that wonderful amount. You say too much—both more than I ask you and more than I can oblige you by prescribing to myself to take seriously. You do thereby injustice to what must be always on the cards for you—the possible failure of the great impediment. I'm disinterested in the matter—I shall marry, as I've had the honour to inform you, without having to think at all of impediments or failures. That's the difference between us, and it seems to me that it alters everything. I had a delicacy—but now I've nothing in the world but a fear."

Jean had got up before these remarks had gone far, but even though she fell back a few steps her dismay was a force that condemned her to take them in. "God forbid I should understand you," she panted; "I only make out that you say and mean horrible things, and that you're doing your best to seek a quarrel with me from which you shall derive some advantage that, I'm happy to feel, is beyond my conception." Both the women were now as pale as death, and Rose was brought to her feet by the pure passion of this retort. The manner of it was such as to leave Jean nothing but to walk away, which she instantly proceeded to do. At the end of ten paces, however, she turned to look at their companion, who stood beside Rose, held by the hand, and whom, as if from a certain consideration for infant innocence and a certain instinct of fair play, she had not attempted to put on her side by a single direct appeal from intimate eyes. This appeal she now risked, and the way the little girl's face mutely met it suddenly

precipitated her to blind supplication. She became weak—she broke down. "I beseech you to let me have her."

Rose Armiger's countenance made no secret of her appreciation of this collapse. "I'll let you have her on one condition," she presently replied.

"What condition?"

"That you deny to me on the spot that you've but one feeling in your soul. Oh, don't look vacant and dazed," Rose derisively pursued; "don't look as if you didn't know what feeling I mean! Renounce it—repudiate it, and I'll never touch her again!"

Jean gazed in sombre stupefaction. "I know what feeling you mean," she said at last, "and I'm incapable of meeting your condition. I 'deny,' I 'renounce,' I 'repudiate' as little as I hope, as I dream, or as I feel that I'm likely ever again even to utter—!" Then she brought out in her baffled sadness, but with so little vulgarity of pride that she sounded, rather, a note of compassion for a perversity so deep: "It's because of *that* that I want her!"

"Because you adore him—and she's his?"

Jean faltered, but she was launched. "Because I adore him—and she's his."

"I want her for another reason," Rose declared. "I adored her poor mother—and she's hers. That's *my* ground, that's *my* love, that's *my* faith." She caught Effie up again; she held her in two strong arms and dealt her a kiss that was a long consecration. "It's as your dear dead mother's, my own, my sweet, that—if it's time—I shall carry you to bed!" She passed swiftly down the slope with her burden and took the turn which led her out of sight. Jean stood watching her till she disappeared and then waited till she had emerged for the usual minute on the rise in the middle of the bridge. She saw her stop again there, she saw her again, as if in the triumph—a great open-air insolence—of possession, press her face to the little girl's. Then they dipped together to the further end and were lost, and Jean, after taking a few vague steps on the lawn, paused, as if sick with the aftertaste of her encounter, and turned to the nearest seat. It was close to Mrs. Beever's blighted tea-table, and when she had sunk into the chair she threw her arms upon this support and wearily dropped her head.

XXVI.

At the end of some minutes, with the sense of being approached, she looked up and saw Paul Beever. Returning to the garden, he had stopped short at sight of her, and his arrival made her spring to her feet with the fear of having, in the belief that she was unobserved, shown him something she had never shown. But as he bent upon her his kind, ugly face there came into her own the comfort of a general admission, the drop of all attempt at a superfine surface: they stood together without saying a word, and there passed between them something sad and clear, something that was in its essence a recognition of the great, pleasant oddity of their being drawn closer by their rupture. They knew everything about each other now and, young and clean and good as they were, could meet not only without attenuations, but with a positive friendliness that was for each, from the other, a moral help. Paul had no need of speech to show Jean how he thanked her for understanding why he had not besieged her with a pressure more heroic, and she, on her side, could enter with the tread of a nurse in a sick-room into the spirit of that accommodation. They both, moreover, had been closeted with his mother—an experience on which they could, with some dumb humour, compare notes. The girl, finally, had now, to this dear boy she didn't love, something more to give than she had ever given; and after a little she could see the dawn of suspicion of it in the eyes with which he searched her grave face.

"I knew Miss Armiger had come back here, and I thought I should find her," he presently explained.

"She was here a few minutes ago—she has just left me," Jean said.

"To go in again?" Paul appeared to wonder he had not met her on his way out.

"To go over to Bounds."

He continued to wonder. "With Mr. Bream?"

"No—with his little girl."

Paul's surprise increased. "She has taken *her* up?"

Jean hesitated; she uneasily laughed. "Up—up—up: away up in her arms!"

Her companion was more literal. "A young woman of Effie's age must be a weight!"

"I know what weight—I've carried her. Miss Armiger did it precisely to prevent that."

"To prevent your carrying her?"

"To prevent my touching or, if possible, looking at her. She snatched her up and fled with her—to get her away from me."

"Why should she wish to do that?" Paul inquired.

"I think you had better ask her directly." Then Jean added: "As you say, she has taken her up. She's *her* occupation, from this time."

"Why, suddenly, from this time?"

"Because of what has happened."

"Between you and me?"

"Yes—that's one of her reasons."

"One of them?" laughed Paul. "She has so many?"

"She tells me she has two."

"Two? She speaks of it?"

Jean saw, visibly, that she mystified him; but she as visibly tried to let him see that this was partly because she spared him. "She speaks of it with perfect frankness."

"Then what's her second reason?"

"That if I'm not engaged"—Jean hung fire, but she brought it out—"at least she herself is."

"She herself?—instead of you?"

Paul's blankness was so utter that his companion's sense of the comic was this time, and in spite of the cruelty involved in a correction, really touched. "To you? No, not to you, my dear Paul. To a gentleman I found with her here. To that Mr. Vidal," said Jean.

Paul gasped. "You found that Mr. Vidal with her?" He looked bewilderedly about. "Where then is he?"

"He went over to Bounds."

"And she went with him?"

"No, she went after."

Still Paul stood staring. "Where the dickens did he drop from?"

"I haven't the least idea."

The young man had a sudden light. "Why, I saw him with mamma! He was here when I came off the river—he borrowed the boat."

"But you didn't know it was he?"

"I never dreamed—and mamma never told me."

Jean thought a moment. "She was afraid. You see I'm not."

Paul Beaver more pitifully wondered; he repeated again the word she had left ringing in his ears. "She's 'engaged'?"

"So she informed me."

His little eyes rested on her with a stupefaction so candid as almost to amount to a challenge; then they moved away, far away, and he stood lost in what he felt. She came, tenderly, nearer to him, and they turned back to her; on which she saw they were filled with the tears that another failure she knew of had no power to draw to them. "It's awfully odd!" he said.

"I've had to hurt you," she replied. "I'm very sorry for you."

"Oh, don't mind it!" Paul smiled.

"These are things for you to hear of—straight."

"From her? Ah, I don't want to do that! You see, of course, I sha'n't say anything." And he covered, for an instant, working it clumsily, one of his little eyes with the base of one of his big thumbs.

Jean held out her hand to him. "Do you love her?"

He took it, embarrassed, without meeting her look; then, suddenly, something of importance seemed to occur to him and he replied with simple alertness: "I never mentioned it!"

Dimly, but ever so kindly, Jean smiled. "Because you hadn't had your talk with me?" She kept hold of his hand. "Dear Paul, I must say it again—you're beautiful!"

He stared, not, as yet, taking this approval home; then with the same prompt veracity, "But she knows it, you know, all the same!" he exclaimed.

Jean laughed as she released him; but it kept no gravity out of the tone in which she presently repeated: "I'm sorry for you."

"Oh, it's all right! May I light a cigarette?" he asked.

"As many as you like. But I must leave you."

He had struck a match, and at this he paused. "Because I'm smoking?"

"Dear, no. Because I must go over to see Effie." Facing wistfully to her little friend's quarter, Jean thought aloud. "I always bid her good night. I don't see why—on her birthday, of all evenings—I should omit it."

"Well, then, bid her 'Good night' for me too." She was halfway down the slope; Paul went in the same direction, puffing his cigarette hard. Then, stopping short, "Tony puts him up?" he abruptly asked.

"Mr. Vidal? So it appears."

He gazed a little, blowing his smoke, at this appearance. "And she has gone over to see him?"

"That may be a part of her errand."

He hesitated again. "They can't have lost much time!"

"Very little indeed."

Jean went on again; but again he checked her with a question. "What has he, what has the matter you speak of, to do with her cutting in—?" He paused as if in the presence of things painfully obscure.

"To the interest others take in the child? Ah," said Jean, "if you feel as you do"—she hesitated—"don't ask me. Ask her!"

She went her way, and, standing there in thought, he waited for her to come, after an interval, into sight on the curve of the bridge. Then as the minutes elapsed without her doing so, he lounged, heavy and blank, up again to where he had found her. Manning, while his back was turned, had arrived with one of her aids to carry off the tea-things; and from a distance, planted on the lawn, he bent on these evolutions an attention unnaturally fixed. The women marched and countermarched, dismantling the table; he broodingly and vacantly watched them; then, as

he lighted a fresh cigarette, he saw his mother come out of the house to give an eye to their work. She reached the spot and dropped a command or two; after which, joining him, she took in that her little company had dispersed.

"What has become of everyone?"

Paul's replies were slow; but he gave her one now that was distinct. "After the talk on which I lately left you, I should think you would know pretty well what had become of me."

She gave him a keen look; her face softened. "What on earth's the matter with you?"

He placidly smoked. "I've had my head punched."

"Nonsense—for all you mind me!" She scanned him again. "Are you ill, Paul?"

"I'm all right," he answered philosophically.

"Then kiss your old mammy." Solemnly, silently he obeyed her; but after he had done so she still held him before her eyes. She gave him a sharp pat. "You're worth them all!"

Paul made no acknowledgment of this tribute save to remark after an instant rather awkwardly: "I don't know where Tony is."

"I can do without Tony," said his mother. "But where's Tony's child?"

"Miss Armiger has taken her home."



"I've had to hurt you," she replied. "I'm very sorry for you."
"Oh, don't mind it!" Paul smiled.

"The clever thing!"—Mrs. Beaver fairly applauded the feat. "She was here when you came out?"

"No, but Jean told me."

"Jean was here?"

"Yes; but she went over."

"Over to Bounds—after what has happened?" Mrs. Beaver looked at first incredulous; then she looked stern again. "What in the name of goodness possesses her?"

"The wish to bid Effie good-night."

Mrs. Beaver was silent a moment. "I wish to Heaven she'd leave Effie alone!"

"Aren't there different ways of looking at that?" Paul indulgently asked.

"Plenty, no doubt—and only one decent one." The grossness of the girl's error seemed to loom larger. "I'm ashamed of her!" she declared.

"Well, I'm not!" Paul quietly returned.

"Oh, you—of course you excuse her!" In the agitation that he had produced Mrs. Beaver bounced across an interval that brought her into view of an object from which, as she stopped short at the sight of it, her emotion drew fresh sustenance. "Why, there's the boat!"

"Mr. Vidal has brought it back," said Paul.

She faced round in surprise. "You've seen him?"

"No, but Jean told me."

The lady of Eastmead stared. "She has seen him? Then where on earth is he?"

"He's staying at Bounds," said Paul.

His mother's wonderment deepened. "He has got there already?"

Paul smoked a little; then he explained. "It's not very soon for Mr. Vidal—he puts things through. He's already engaged to her."

Mystified, at sea, Mrs. Beaver dropped upon a bench. "Engaged to Jean?"

"Engaged to Miss Armiger."

She tossed her head with impatience. "What news is that? He was engaged to her five years ago!"

"Well, then he is still. They've patched it up."

Mrs. Beaver was on her feet. "She has seen him?"

Tony Bream at this moment came rapidly down the lawn and had the effect of staying Paul's answer. The young man gave a jerk to the stump of his cigarette and turned away with marked nervousness.

(To be continued.)

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The *Guardian* and the *Spectator* unite in condemning the first article in the programme of the Lambeth Conference for 1897. They say that no valuable result can come of anything that can be said by the Bishops about the critical study of Holy Scripture. The critics will pay no attention, and it is doubtful whether others will, for criticism is not one of the things which belong to Bishops as such, and should be left to scholars and experts. It may be suggested that this view is probably wrong, and that the design of those who arranged the programme was that something reassuring should be said to those who are perplexed. It is true that criticism itself must be left to scholars and experts, but the readjustment of Christian faith to the new ideas is not their work, and it is very specially the work of those who will meet at Lambeth. If a wise selection of speakers be made, the discussion may be very useful. In the time of Colenso and the "Essays and Reviews," the Bishops were by no means wise, and even Thirlwall did not act worthily of his reputation.

The services at the funeral of Professor A. H. Greene, F.R.S., of Oxford, were conducted by the Rev. Charles Hargrove, of Leeds, a Unitarian minister.

A very important step has been taken by the Roman Catholics in purchasing through the Duke of Norfolk a site for the erection of a Roman Catholic College at Oxford. The site, which is three acres in extent, has cost £13,000, and is in the neighbourhood of the Congregational and Unitarian Colleges. In addition, Father Clarke is to start a Jesuit hall at Oxford, and a Roman Catholic chaplain has been appointed for the University. If this step had been taken when Newman seceded, and if his work as a Roman Catholic had been done in Oxford and not in Birmingham, it is difficult to say what the results might not have been to Anglican Christianity.

It may be doubted whether the accomplishment of conversing in Latin is now very common. It is said that the Rev. Thomas Field, B.D., Rector of Bigby, who died recently at an advanced age, was a master in this art. His friend, Prebendary Irons, himself known as an excellent Latinist and one of the best translators of "Dies Irae," said that Mr. Field was one of the few people in the country to whom one could speak in Latin.

Some sensation has been caused in Scotland by the recommendation of the Aberdeen University Court that Dr. David Johnston, Professor of Biblical Criticism, should be required to retire from office with a suitable allowance. Professor Johnston has only occupied the chair for a few years. He was formerly a minister in Orkney, and his appointment was received with considerable surprise. From the first Dr. Johnston has taken an active part in controversy, objecting, for example, to the use of the organ in the College Chapel. The students complained that he was unmethodical and useless as a teacher, and the Court after hearing evidence, has apparently sustained this view. No doubt the result will be to make the position of inefficient professors in Scotland much less secure than it has hitherto been, and this need not be greatly regretted.

The Rev. Arthur Robins, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Windsor, has preached his five thousandth sermon in Windsor, and has been presented with a complete set of clerical robes. At one time Mr. Robins was very well known in London literary circles.

The *Guardian* prints a curious letter in which it is asked whether it is not somewhat too ridiculous that such a hymn as "The saints of God, their conflict past" should be sung at the burial of even so worthy a man as Sir John Millais. It is said to be not quite loyal to Anglicanism to observe Aug. 15 in honour of the Assumption of the Mother of God as though there were some doubts as to whether the Blessed Virgin is yet enthroned on high; and at the same time the late President of the Royal Academy is virtually held to have ascended to the heavens and to have become already one of the saints triumphant,

THE CRISIS AT ZANZIBAR.

The sudden death on Tuesday, Aug. 25, under very suspicious circumstances, of Sultan Hamid bin Thwaim,



HAMID BIN THWAIM BIN SAYYID,
The late Sultan of Zanzibar.

the ruler of Zanzibar, was instantly followed by an attempted usurpation of the throne, which has been very promptly suppressed by the intervention of the British naval force, acting fairly in support of a legitimate successor, and in discharge of the implied obligations

derived from the fully acknowledged British Protectorate over that small Arabian principality, the security of which is of great importance to British commerce.

The two islands, Zanzibar and Pemba, situated in the Indian Ocean, twenty or thirty miles from the African coast, five or six degrees south of the Equator, were in the Middle Ages, long before Portuguese conquests in that



PANORAMIC VIEW OF ZANZIBAR, SHOWING PALACE, HAREM, GOVERNMENT HOUSE, SIGNAL TOWER, AND CUSTOM HOUSE.



PALACE SQUARE, ZANZIBAR: TROOPS ASSEMBLED IN FRONT OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE; PALACE, WITH THE LATE SULTAN IN THE GALLERY, TO THE RIGHT HAND; HAREM TO THE LEFT.

region, held by Moorish or Arab chiefs, who extended their dominion over the greater part of the mainland shores. A narrow strip of coast territory, from the Tana River to the Royuma, still remains under the nominal sovereignty of Zanzibar, but its administration has of late years been ceded partly to British and partly to German occupants, much in the same way as we hold Cyprus from the Turkish Empire. The islands are fertile and well cultivated, producing cloves and other tropical produce raised by slave labour, and the import and export trade, chiefly British, exceeds in value one million sterling on each side of the account. British Indian subjects from the Bombay Presidency, here called "Banyans," are the most active commercial agents. The harbour is an open roadstead on the western shore; the town, containing many European residents and a large mixed population, is not ill-built; the Sultan's palace and harem stand within a few yards of the water's edge.

It is needful to explain that the law of succession to the throne of Zanzibar has never been that of strict inheritance from a father to his son, or to the sons of a reigning Sultan's eldest brother deceased, as in most European countries; so that Sayyid Khalid bin Barghash has, in the view of the Mohammedan Council of State, no better claim than his cousin, Hamid bin Mohammed bin Sayyid, while Khalid is a rash and wilful young man of twenty-five, and Hamid an elderly gentleman, fifty or sixty years of age, respected for his prudent and peaceable conduct, acceptable to the better class of the Mussulman townsfolk,

and trusted as a ruler likely to preserve the traditional policy of the realm. The princely rights of all the existing male scions of the House of Sultan Sayyid, a reputed descendant of the Prophet Mohammed, as the family title, "Sayyid" implies, are equally regarded in the nomination of a Sultan; but a selection is made, by the constitutional advisers of the monarchy, guided by considerations both of ecclesiastical and political interests, from among the Princes standing near in kindred to a Sultan at the period of his demise. Sultan Sayyid, in Arabia, was founder in 1856 of the separate principality of Zanzibar, which had previously been a portion of his ancestral dominions as the Sultan, or Imaum, of Muscat, on the shores of the Persian Gulf. From 1856 to 1870 Zanzibar was ruled by one of his sons, named Sayyid Majid, but this Sultan was followed by his brother, the Sultan Barghash bin Sayyid, who visited England in 1882; Barghash, dying in 1888, was succeeded by another of his brothers, Khalifa, and he by a fourth brother, Ali, without admitting the boy Khalid, as son of Barghash, to have any preferential claim beyond those who were all grandsons of the original Sultan Sayyid. Among these, in short, the title of sovereignty is customarily awarded by the deliberations of the chief State and Church official dignitaries, with a view to the public welfare; but since the British Protectorate was established in 1890 they have had to obtain the assent of our Government to such nomination, and Sayyid Hamid bin Mohammed is the approved successor to the Sultan just now deceased.

The body of the late Sultan was hastily interred, within two hours of his death, when Khalid, proclaiming himself ruler, collected the palace guards, erecting barricades also



SLAVES IN CHAINS, GUARDED BY NATIVE ASKARI, OR SOLDIER.

in the palace square, and pointing guns at the English gun-boats. General Mathews and Mr. Cave, having in vain remonstrated with him, telegraphed to London for instructions, and a message was sent to Admiral Rawson, who was already on his way to Zanzibar in H.M. cruiser *St. George*, preceded by the *Raccoon*, arriving on Thursday afternoon. At seven o'clock next morning, an ultimatum was sent to Khalid, summoning him to surrender, quit the palace, and make his soldiers or guards pile their arms in front of it, or the British war-vessels would open a bombardment at nine o'clock. Several hundred of the loyal Zanzibar troops, under General Mathews, with British marines and seamen forming a Naval Brigade, led by Captain Egerton, R.N., of the *St. George*, and Captain O'Callaghan, of the *Philomel*, landed to assault the palace. As Khalid's only reply was to strengthen his preparations for defence, the bombardment at the appointed time was begun, chiefly by the *Thrush* and



THE "GLASGOW," THE ZANZIBAR GUN-BOAT SUNK BY THE BRITISH.

Photo Symonds and Co., Portsmouth.

happened. The only casualty reported among the British is the severe wounding of a petty officer of the *Thrush*. Sayyid Khalid, with his chief military officer,

case if it became a Crown Colony, while saving the costs of a direct British administration. As a trading port, in a singularly advantageous maritime situation,

Sultan Hamid was proclaimed by General Mathews, Mr. Cave, and Admiral Rawson, without any further opposition. The families, ladies and children, of the English residents, who had been on board the *St. George*, returned to their homes; Bishop Tucker was with them. Peace and order were restored in the town, and have not since been disturbed. The German Government has refused to give up Sayyid Khalid, upon the ground that his offence is of a political character, and is thereby excluded from the mutual treaty of extradition.

It is understood that the British Imperial Government is certainly not inclined, under existing circumstances, to proceed to the annexation of Zanzibar to the British Empire. The relations already established with that insular principality are considered to be as favourable to the commercial interests of our nation as would be the



THE FORTRESS AND FRUIT MARKET, ZANZIBAR.

Photo Art Photograph and General Publishing Co.



THE ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES' MISSION CATHEDRAL, ZANZIBAR.

Sparrow, lying close to shore, and was continued during forty minutes. Meanwhile, the enemy's vessel *Glasgow*, moored in the centre of the harbour, audaciously fired upon our Admiral's flag-ship, which very soon, aided by the *Raccoon*, with a few shot and shell put her into a sinking condition. She hoisted the British flag in token of surrender, while the boats of our ships prepared to save her crew on the sinking of their vessel, so that none were drowned. Some fighting on land took place at the barriers of the approaches to the palace, the enemy firing on the loyal Askaris from behind the stockades; but the greatest loss of life was in the palace, when it was knocked to pieces and set on fire by the guns of our ships. The palace and harem buildings, as shown in our View, with their lofty wooden balconies and open upper floors, would seem likely to be consumed by a conflagration with frightful quickness; and if it be a fact, as is now said, that nearly five hundred men perished in the burning of that flimsy edifice, crowded together without a chance of escape, we can understand how that

General Saleh, escaped, and took refuge in the German Consulate. The Naval Brigade then applied their efforts to quench the flames in the ruins of the palace and the harem.

being about equidistant, 2400 or 2500 geographical miles, from the Suez Canal, from the Cape, and from Bombay, the importance of exclusive control over Zanzibar to

Great Britain cannot be doubted; but we do not want the islands as a plantation colony, or desire to be responsible for the population. Zanzibar is, indeed, the key to the ocean front door of East Central Africa, with Mombasa and the projected Uganda Railway, for our entrance into the interior of that continent. The door will have to be opened, and this key is to be used. But one objection to making Zanzibar a Crown Colony at the present moment is the fact that it would entail the immediate abolition of the status of slavery, a course which would be attended with considerable difficulty. Although there is every probability that the status of slavery will be abolished at an early date, this has to be accomplished in a very cautious manner, so that there may be no dislocation of the labour market. Any hasty or incautious action in this direction would only have the effect of unnecessarily exciting the natives.



GROUP OF BOYS WHO WERE RESCUED FROM A SLAVE-SHIP.

FROM A SCOTTISH WORKSHOP.

BY ANDREW LANG.

I never did think that the *Spectator* was what you might call a sporting paper. For deep and lucid reflection on transcendental politics, for a cheery candid acquaintance with things in general, and for power of seeing through a millstone, the *Spectator* can give any periodical several pounds. But a sporting periodical the *Spectator* is not.

This reflection was borne in upon me, as the saying is, while we sailed down the classic estuary of the Clyde. We had passed Dunoon, where we viewed, on the shore, a bronze effigy of a short-legged female figure on a red plinth, enclosed by a very skimpy paling of new wood. The other passengers made vain conjectures as to what goddess or heroine was represented by the short-legged female figure in bronze. But, by some inspiration, I backed "Highland Mary," and "Highland Mary" it was—not Hera, or Artemis, or Athena. What Mary had to do with Dunoon I cannot say, but there she stands, to witness if I lie. Burns's taste cannot be commended if the likeness is good. This has little to do with the *Spectator*, except that opposite Mary's effigy I purchased *Macmillan's Magazine* for the purpose of reading an article called "In Lord's Pavilion." Internal evidence leads the Higher Criticism to conjecture that the article was by a Merton man. However that may be, it contained a quotation from the *Spectator* on the game of cricket. This quotation ran thus: "Dr. Grace" (there are three Dr. Graces, but it meant W. G.) "might play for a twelvemonth by himself, without anybody recording his most wonderful hits."

The writer in *Macmillan's* was puzzled by this dictum. How could W. G. play cricket "by himself"? How could he be "*l.b.w. b. Grace, senior*"? How could he get himself caught at the ropes by square leg, as he negotiated the artless Gunn?

These things are impossible to man, but easy to the *Spectator*. For the lady who wrote the article in the *Spectator* manifestly thinks that cricket is a kind of golf. A man can play golf "by himself," and, so playing, can make "most wonderful hits." Then he is apt to report in the Club: "I carried the 'Principal's Nose,' got a lucky

fall, ran up, and holed out off my iron 'in two.' Such "wonderful hits" we all make—when we play by ourselves. Our statements, being uncorroborated, are not evidential, and nobody "records our most wonderful hits." But at cricket we cannot play by ourselves. There are bowlers, fielders, scorers, umpires, and some spectators, even if only the Grange is playing M.C.C. The *Spectator* does not take these distinctions, and manifestly supposes that we can play cricket "by ourselves," like golf. This is not exactly so, and for this reason I cannot (with all respect)

before Sir Walter Raleigh bore the weed to Europe. "It is mentioned in the annals of the Yuen dynasty about two centuries before Columbus had discovered America." It may be so, but one desires exact reference to volume and page of "the annals of the Yuen dynasty." This is not given. The writer entirely neglects the question of tobacco in Africa before the days of Sir Walter Raleigh. It seems to be very possible that African tobacco and the use of it (as snuff) are indigenous: at all events, the facts deserve examination, which they do not receive in this curious and interesting essay. Tobacco may well have been smoked in the Old World before America was discovered; but exact testimony is needed. The Greeks and Romans were obviously not smokers, at least of tobacco, though short clay pipes are found on Roman sites. How Nero would have smoked had the opportunity come in his way! Socrates would have been a slave of the weed, and Plato would never have been seen without a cigar in his mouth. Thucydides would have reckoned it ungentlemanly, but Aspasia would have loved a cigarette of all things. The Greeks never had a chance, but Chinese and Africans may have smoked and snuffed. We only ask for evidence, but evidence is not a vague reference to "the annals of the Yuen dynasty."

If anybody in *Notes and Queries* ever knew anything which I wanted to know, I would put the question there. But they never do know anything. So I shall ask here, Who was the Princess Clementina Johannes Sobieski Douglas?

After living retired for an unknown period at Finsthwaite, in Cumberland, the Princess

died there, and was buried, in May, in the year 1771. For this the parish register vouches, and Tradition adds her voice to the same effect. There was no tombstone, but a Scottish thistle was planted on the grave. Who, then, was Clementina Johannes Sobieski Douglas? No doubt we should read "Johanna Sobieska." "John Douglas" was (about 1750) a "traveling name" of the Prince of Wales, whose mother's name was Maria Clementina Sobieska. There I leave the mystery of the Princess and of the thistle. Does any reader know anything about her? There is a local legend that she was a daughter of the Chevalier de St. George. But I am not aware that he called himself "Douglas" at any time; nor would he be likely to christen a natural child by the name of his wife.



THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA: BRINGING IN A PRISONER.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

regard the *Spectator* as a sporting authority. The writer in *Macmillan's* justly remarks that W. G. could not play cricket "by himself." All mankind would congregate to see how W. G. played his own bowling. I conceive that he would keep putting himself away for safe ones to short-leg and mid-wicket. But we would all be curious to see "Dr. Grace play by himself"—his astral body bowling, fielding point, and keeping wicket. The Fates, alas! have decreed that no man shall play his own bowling. Morley would never have got a run off himself, and George Freeman would have "stuck himself up."

Another writer in *Macmillan's* is apparently inclined to believe that tobacco was grown and smoked in China

THE NEW ARMENIAN PATRIARCH.

The suspension and exile by the Sultan's Government of the Most Rev. Patriarch, or Metropolitan Bishop, of the Armenian community at Constantinople rendered it needful that a "locum tenens" should be appointed for the administration of the affairs of that Church in the capital of the Turkish Empire. An ecclesiastical personage, Monsignore Bartholomew Tchamitchian, has now been chosen for the office, not by the Assembly of Armenians, but through the intervention of a Mixed Council, the members of which are nominated by the Sultan. Monsignore Tchamitchian, supported by the class of Government officials, was a candidate for the Patriarchate at the last election but one, and then obtained an equal number of votes with his Liberal opponent, Monsignore Khoren of Lusignan; upon which some electors, of both parties, agreed to unite their suffrages in favour of a third person, Monsignore Askekan. Born in the city, he has always cultivated a friendly acquaintance with the influential Turks, and enjoys great favour among them, being a man of remarkable tact, and much of a courtier. He was first appointed pastor of the Armenian Church of the Archangel, situated in the Jewish quarter, and celebrated for its fine old gates, of Byzantine workmanship. Having been consecrated a Bishop by the late Catholicus George IV., he succeeded that prelate in the diocese of Broussa, and occupied the see during thirty years, after which he returned to the capital, about four years ago. Monsignore Tchamitchian is said, by those who belong to an opposition party, to be rather too ambitious and fond of display, as well as too solicitous of the approbation of powerful patrons. He is a man of imposing figure and presence, of large stature, but corpulent, and appears to advantage in stately Church ceremonials, but has not the reputation of great learning. The Sultan has recently bestowed upon him the decoration of the First Class of the Order of the Medjidieh, an honour which had been refused by Monsignore Izmirlian, a prelate of very different character, in accordance with his sentiments regarding the conduct of his Imperial Majesty's Government in permitting the massacres of the Armenians which have been perpetrated during the past two years. We shall now see whether the new Patriarch has anything to say to the Sultan about the slaughter of two or three



L'Archevêque des Arméniens, Constantinople.

MONSIGNORE TCHAMTCHIAN,
THE NEW ARMENIAN PATRIARCH AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

thousand unoffending poor people in the streets of the capital on Wednesday night and on Thursday, Aug. 26 and 27, by a furious Turkish mob, without any interference by the police or the military force. It is true that an enormous outrage, perpetrated by a very few Armenian conspirators, provoked the fury of the mob.

A BRITISH NAVAL BOMBARDMENT.

On a very much smaller scale, and with a great difference in the character of the enemy, Rear-Admiral Rawson's brief exhibition of needful hostility in front of the Palace at Zanzibar on Thursday morning, Aug. 27, may remind us of the performance of the British Mediterranean fleet at Alexandria on July 11, 1882, when the forts held by the rebellious Egyptian army, under Arali Pasha, were disabled and disarmed, and their garrisons expelled, by a similar coercive operation. In both instances, let it be observed, the naval force of our country was employed to support the legitimate sovereign of a Mussulman State, the Khedive Tewfik Pasha in Egypt, and the proper successor, Sultan Hamid, to the Principality of Zanzibar, intervening mainly for the sake of British interests, and the performance of a duty implied in conventions previously made with the ordinary rulers. Interventions and Protectorates are not always desirable or convenient relations between small foreign States and a Great Power, with an army and ships of war to be paid for at its own cost, and not any more than it wants for its own service, while the jealousy of other European Powers is too apt to be excited by such proceedings; but in this case of Zanzibar there can be no question of the rightfulness or the expediency of the action. It will scarcely be imagined that the demolition, in forty minutes, by firing at short range from three gun-boats, of an unfortified palatial building close to the harbour shore, with the sinking, by the guns of H.M.S. *St. George*, of a wretched old second-hand Glasgow steamer, furnished with a few antiquated cannon, and styled a corvette, was a brilliant feat of warlike skill and valour. Nor was it a great victory that was achieved by the vast machinery of destruction in our fleet at Alexandria, when the forts and batteries were silenced and cleared of their incompetent defenders. As a display of the mechanical "resources of civilisation" in modern warfare, the collection of Woolwich-manufactured shells and other missiles of our naval ordnance, which was for some time kept on view in the ruined fort at Ras-el-Tin, and was open to inspection at the desire of English or other tourists in Egypt, was a sight not without significance, and it may now again be remembered when we hear of the recent minor bombardment in the harbour of Zanzibar.



A REMINISCENCE OF THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA: TOURISTS INSPECTING SHELLS IN THE RAS-EL-TIN FORT.



* Ocean, 2000 Tons. Admiral Boscawen's Flagship.

* Prince of Wales, 2250 Tons.

* Torpedo, 800 Tons.

* Victoria, 1770 Tons (hit 12 times).

* These three vessels bore the brunt of the bombardment.

* Toros, 600 Tons (hit 62 times).

THE CRISIS AT ZANZIBAR: BRITISH WAR-SHIPS ENGAGED IN THE BOMBARDMENT OF THE SULTAN'S PALACE.

LITERATURE.

"It isn't like real life at all; it is the way things happen in fairy tales," says the charming heroine of *March Hares* (John Lane); but Mr. George Forth's midsummer day's dream is not less interesting because it is incredible. On a summer's morning a young fellow dimly meditating suicide in the after depression of a night's debauch, and a young girl, driven by destitution to the same desperate idea, meet together on Westminster Bridge. He takes her to sumptuous restaurants, gives her Chablis at breakfast, champagne at lunch and again at dinner, "with tawny old port on the top of it," fits her up with gloves, boots, and toilette requisites, and finally carries her off to his rooms, but lodges her for the night in those of an absent chum. The chum returns at midnight, but is fortunately intercepted and dragged into his friend's rooms. He is the Earl of Drumpipes, but, *pace* Mr. Forth, a brutally vulgar specimen of the Scotch peerage. He thus announces his wife's death to his chum. "I know nothing about it—except that she is dead. That is quite enough, quite enough." He lifted his tumbler. "Here's to the heating arrangements in the warmest quarter below." However, we have chiefly to do with the hero and heroine, who in spite of her seeming facility, is "virtuously given" and quite charming. Their immediate marriage redeems him from drink and her from despair, though, by the way, outside fairyland, it could not have been so immediate, since even at the Registry Office you need more than a day's notice of the contract.

The tragedy on which the historical novel *A Crown of Straw* (Chatto and Windus) is founded is so recent and well known that the reader's faith in such of its incidents as conflict with history is strained. You are, so to say, looking at a portrait with the original under your eye, and are continually criticising the likeness instead of admiring the painting. If, however, the reader can abandon himself to the romance without any afterthought of history, he will find it sufficiently engrossing. It is a fine and opportune subject—that of a King between the two fires of Feudalism and Socialism—and a stronger Prince than Maximilian IV. of Franconia must have been destroyed between them. Unfortunately for himself, and also for the romance, he is as feeble as he is well-intentioned, and might well exclaim, with Hamlet—

The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!

"Whether," in Mr. Upward's uncouth English, "he was in reality mad, or whether he was deemed so by the brief-lived swarm that infests God's glorious creation and re-makes God in its own image," would have made no difference in his ultimate fate. It needs a strong King to-day to resist democratic demands, and a still stronger to concede them; and weakness is more fatal than wickedness in such a crisis as Mr. Upward vividly brings before you in "A Crown of Straw."

A natural afterthought of misgiving has changed the original title, "Immanuel," of Mr. Martin Pritchard's singularly daring and brilliant novel to *Without Sin*. (Heinemann.) The effect, however, of the note apologising for the difference between the title on the cover and that of the head-lines of the novel, like the falter in the voice of conscious guilt, is to ensure the censure it would avert. The folk who are most easily shocked are always those whom names shock most, and it is these whom the faltering note will alarm. To say the truth, however, it is not these only that Mr. Pritchard's subject will offend. A young Jewess, who has been brought up on stories of the Blessed Virgin, is assured by everyone of her almost miraculous likeness to an old painting of Our Lady which she is for ever contemplating reverentially. Born neurotic and reared in solitude, she broods over an hysterical fancy that she is the destined Virgin Mother of the future Messiah of her own people. She becomes a mother under circumstances which allow and even compel her to believe that the conception is miraculous, and for three years she is convinced that her boy is the destined Saviour of her people. When, at three, the child dies, not his death even can shake her faith, of which she believes it to be but a test; and it is only when decomposition sets in that she despairs of its resurrection and awakes from her dream of divine motherhood to a frightful consciousness of her very human degradation. A "shocking" subject, certainly; but nothing can exceed the delicacy of Mr. Pritchard's treatment of it, except, perhaps, its cleverness. We think it was a mistake to set such a girl, under such circumstances, in such incongruously artificial surroundings; yet even these do not vulgarise her or disillusionise you.

You get on fairly well with *A Study in Shadows* (Ward and Downey) until the hero comes upon the scene, whose serious silliness seems to infect everyone he has to do with. He solemnly takes counsel with a lady cousin as to whether he is in love or not. "Tell me what is she like?" "It is impossible to say," he replies. "Why?" "Because she isn't one, but two." One of the two is a woman with a past, who was seduced, divorced, and deserted, and the other, a charming *ingénue*. He proposes for the woman with the past under damping circumstances. "With a sudden impulse he threw his arm around her, dripping as she was, and kissed her. Then she broke away and fled to her room. His first act on reaching his room was to summon a servant and send her a glass of cherry-brandy, which he poured from a flask, together with a scribbled line. "Drink this at once!" He hurries then to tell the news to his father, whom it does not cheer. "Poor old dad!" he sighs; and dad replies, "Man is ever poor. He will never learn the lesson of life. Even with one foot in the grave he plants the other upon the ladder of illusion." Why poor dad, who had had no cherry brandy, should suddenly talk "Rasselas" in this maudlin way you cannot guess. Up to the appearance of his son upon the scene he was a sensible old gentleman enough. Then the hero proceeds to employ the *ingénue*, who, he knows, is in hopeless love with him, to look after her successful rival, and when she does this to his satisfaction, he thus rewards her. "Thank

you, Felicia. I wish—I wish you would let me kiss you for it." "Yes," she whispered. "He kissed her, and then strode away feeling somehow stronger and serenest." There are few things more humorous than a lack of a sense of humour.

In reading quite a thrilling book of African adventure and exploration, Mr. William Astor Chanler's *Through Jungle and Desert* (Macmillan and Co.), we had an occasional misgiving that our attempt to introduce our civilisation into that Continent was rather an attempt to carry coals to Newcastle. There, as in Europe, countries are camps and nations armies; the weak suffer and starve, and the strong trample triumphantly upon them; mutual hatred is Christian in its intensity, and even the consummate flower of our civilisation—our jurisprudence—is rudely, but essentially in existence there already. "An old man among the Embo, possessing a small flock of ten goats, was accused by a neighbour of having stolen two from him. Immediately, the old men of the adjacent villages assembled to discuss the matter, and mete out justice to the contending parties. They spent five days in the discussion, during which time two goats *per diem* were needed for their sustenance, which was supplied by the defendant to the action. When they found his stock had become exhausted they adjudged the case in his favour, and forced the plaintiff to pay the defendant two goats for having accused him falsely." We have hardly improved upon this. What we have improved upon—the power to work mischief—we prudently keep from the natives. Of this power, as far as sport is concerned, the Express rifle has hitherto been considered the pre-eminent representative, but the author's reports against it seem to have revolutionised the trade. He laughs to scorn the whole theory of "shock," on which the hitherto implicit faith in the Express bore and ball was founded. The smallest bullet, if it penetrate to a nerve-centre, will produce the same shock as a cannon ball; while an Express ball, if it does not strike a nerve-centre, will certainly not disable a two-ton rhinoceros or a five-ton elephant. On the other hand, the light Mannlicher rifle seems perfection itself. Here is a Baron Munchausen story of its effectiveness which is too improbable not to be true; since even those chartered libertines of exaggeration—travellers and sportsmen—would hardly dare to invent it: "While returning to camp Lieutenant von Höhnel came suddenly upon a rhinoceros standing broadside on, at a distance of one hundred and fifty yards. He took the Mannlicher from his gun-bearer and fired at the animal's body. It at once dropped; and what was his surprise at that instant to see another rhinoceros, which had apparently been standing exactly behind the one he had first seen, and hence was invisible to him, run forward a few paces and then fall to the ground dead. Incredible though it may seem, one Mannlicher bullet passed through the body of one animal and penetrated sufficiently into the body of the other to kill it also." Perhaps the next most wonderful thing in a book crowded with disastrous chances, moving accidents, and hairbreadth escapes, is the pluck of a little fox-terrier which saved the writer's life by terrifying a herd of infuriated elephants, and his friend's by tackling a rhinoceros. The only creatures that daunted the terrier were lions and apes.

As Cyrus sent to Egypt for an oculist, so the late Shah sent to London for Dr. Treacher Collins to advise his eldest son about his eyes. The Egyptian oculist's indignation at being separated from his wife, led to war, conquest, and slavery; but as Dr. Treacher Collins—who was summoned on the very day of his marriage—took his bride with him, we may hope that no national eclipse will result from his temporary expatriation. The doctor's *In the Kingdom of the Shah* (T. Fisher Unwin) is opportune, since it throws some light on two subjects of immediate interest—on the late Shah and on the Armenians. His late Majesty seems to have been a poor creature, since he put to death his dearest friend and his ablest Minister in feeble compliance with the clamour the Grand Vizier's reforms had excited; yet immediately after his murder the Shah had his two sons betrothed to his victim's daughters. Had this Mirza Taki Khan's life and power been prolonged, there seems little doubt that he would have made Persia one of the best governed of Eastern countries. The Persian tolerance of the Armenians is creditable, since not the creed only, but the character of these Christian Jews is repellent to their conquerors; and it is just possible that the Turkish detestation of the usurious Armenians is to some extent of a sort, and from a source similar to that which inspired the anti-Semitic crusade in Russia and in Germany. However, the Armenians in Persia are invaluable to their fellow-Christians in Europe as the sole source of the supply of converts. As Mohammedans are inconvertible, the English Protestant Mission and the Catholic French Mission can convert only their fellow-Christians, the Armenians, "who vary their allegiance to one or the other, according to which promises to be more profitable to them."

Only the originality of the plea could have induced Major Baden-Powell to offer "the importunity of friends" in excuse for his spirited and interesting account of the Ashanti campaign, *The Downfall of Trempeh* (Methuen and Co.) What between his diary and his correspondence with the *Graphic*, the *Daily Chronicle*, and the *Journal of the Royal United Service Institute*, he had his work already done almost to his hand, needing only four days for the present compilation. We are assuming that the gallant Major was himself the correspondent of the three papers on which he has drawn, since for the representatives of all other journals, and especially of all other illustrated journals, he has the fine scorn of "the genuine and only Jarley" for all spurious imitations. The Major, at any rate, as being in command of the native levy, saw all that he describes, while he here describes all that he saw with sufficient verve and vigour. The most interesting and instructive chapter in the volume, however, is that contributed by Sir George Baden-Powell on the political and commercial position of Ashanti, which epitomises for us the disheartening history of our dealings, not with Ashanti only, but also with every imperial dependency of the kind. We seem to play with each as a cat with a mouse, alternately pouncing upon it

and letting it go, with the unfortunate difference that the game costs the cat almost as much as it costs its victim. "The English," writes Mr. P. Lucas, "went for generations to Africa to follow up the slave trade, then they went again to put it down"; but their vacillation in putting it down has been as costly to them and to their clients as all slovenly done work usually is to the contractor. The Ashanti war of 1895-6 was the fourth within half a century. In 1823, and again in 1863, and again in 1873 we pressed our frontier a little forward at a cruel cost of men and money, only to retire each time to our former position and inaction, leaving the country to an aggravated reaction of savagery. By the way, it is edifying to note the frequency with which Sir George adjoins together the two British divinities, Trade and Christianity—

These be the great Twin Brethren
To whom the Dorians pray,

though the natives are usually saved from heathenism, as Mordecai, in the ballad from which Crabb Robinson quotes, was saved from Judaism, only to be exterminated.

Miss Mathilde Blind's life of Madame Roland in Mr. Ingram's "Eminent Women" series was so vividly and altogether adequately written that some justification is needed for the issue of a new English biography of that noble heroine of the great French Revolution. In the preface to her *Madame Roland, a Biographical Study* (Lawrence and Bullen), Miss Ida M. Tarbell, apparently an American authoress, justifies her choice of the subject by the plea that she has collected fresh material in the National Library at Paris, and has received more from Madame Roland's descendants. Undoubtedly Miss Tarbell has been able to throw new light on several points in Madame Roland's career. But the only one of these thus elucidated which is of any importance is her relation to her husband before marriage. In her Memoirs Madame Roland spoke of her marriage as a union in which her heart was little interested, and certainly by publishing her pre-matrimonial letters Miss Tarbell has proved that the beautiful and gifted girl either was or fancied herself to be deeply in love with her worthy but rather prosaic and pedantic senior, M. Roland. In the main the story is the same—it could hardly be otherwise—as told by Miss Blind and Miss Tarbell, and of the two it is told much more sympathetically by Miss Blind. Miss Tarbell sees faults—such as a love of "posing"—in Madame Roland which are invisible to Miss Blind. Indeed, in her excusable effort to be impartial, Miss Tarbell seems sometimes positively unjust to Madame Roland. No doubt she was latterly in love with the brave and eloquent Buzot, and frankly avowed to her husband her attachment, a step which Miss Tarbell is surely wrong in censuring. But to that husband she was always not only a faithful but a most devoted and self-sacrificing wife. Why, then, should Miss Tarbell go out of her way to indulge in the unfounded supposition that if lover, husband, and wife had lived on in the ordinary course of nature, Madame Roland would have deserted her husband for Buzot? On one brief but most memorable episode in Madame Roland's later career Miss Tarbell differs materially from time-honoured tradition and the narrative of most other biographers. When in her last moments, just before being guillotined, Madame Roland's eyes rested on a statue of Liberty, according to the general account she exclaimed, "O Liberty, what things are done in thy name!" Miss Tarbell's version of the famous saying is, "O Liberté, comme on t'a jouée!" ("O Liberty, how they have tricked thee!"). It would have been well if Miss Tarbell had given her authority for the substitution of this new reading.

It would be a strange Nemesis if the imperial militarism which has done so much to produce Socialism should also have done much to equip Socialism for its own overthrow. For surely, by passing every man through the military mill Imperialism has sown dragons' teeth. Henceforth, in all countries which the conscription has impoverished and exasperated, a mob needs only arms and officers to be an army. In a very interesting and opportune translation from the French, *The Italians of To-Day* (Digby, Long), this danger is brought vividly before you. The peasant, says M. René Bazin, crushed to the very earth by taxation, despairs of any political remedy short of Socialism. "He did not desire the overthrow of the old régime; he was not attracted by the Mazzinian Republican propaganda; he has remained indifferent to his political rights, but for the last twenty years he has given more and more thought and attention to the preachers of Socialist doctrines." In this brightly written book, M. René Bazin pays a deserved tribute not only to the virtues which are universally allowed to the Italians, but also to a quality that is commonly denied them—industry. "They are more hard-working, more indefatigable and patient, than our own men in France"; while one who knew them thoroughly testifies: "They are the foremost workers in the world."

Mrs. Strain's *A Man's Foes*, of which a popular illustrated edition in one volume (Ward, Lock, and Bowden) has just been issued, was one of the greatest successes among last year's works of fiction. It was the first work of an unknown authoress, a Scottish lady, who then lived in seclusion, far away from London, in the heart of the Ayrshire region consecrated by memories of Robert Burns. Like many other novels destined to be successful, it was rejected by firm after firm, and praise is due to its present publishers for having been the first to recognise the merit of a work of fiction which was far from being sensational, and from which was excluded even that "biling and cooing of young ladies and young gentlemen" recently and regretfully pronounced by Mr. Leslie Stephen to be the chief element in most contemporary novels. Its reception was creditable to the reviewers who at once appreciated it, and to the reading public, who endorsed their very favourable verdict on one of the last of the vanishing race of three-volume novels. When Mrs. Strain finds leisure and inclination for a second effort, her former readers will heartily welcome her re-appearance in the realm of fiction.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

English playgoers, even those who have visited French theatres during their stay in Paris, know little or nothing of the practical working of *la clique*—i.e., of the body of men hired to applaud both the piece and its interpreters at certain passages and situations previously agreed upon between the management and the leader of these men. If the leader knows his business these manifestations of approval are so very cleverly timed and appear so genuine and spontaneous as to deceive all but the most experienced.

The institution, in spite of its unmistakably French onomatopoeic sound, is, like a great number of French organisations, a thing borrowed from the Romans; for, unless my memory plays me false—seeing that I have not opened either a Greek or Latin author for years—the latter writers frequently mention the *juvenes* and *curatores* under Nero, and their various ways of applauding. I fancy, moreover, that the English theatre as late as a century and a half ago was not entirely innocent in the

pugilists, had them admitted with the connivance of the management by an "early door," and posted in the pit. It is but fair to say that they warned Macklin's partisans they would make it "hot for them" should they pursue their former tactics. "Gentlemen," said the leader of Garrick's band before the curtain rose, "gentlemen, it would appear that certain persons have come here with the intention of not listening to the piece, and, what is worse, with the intention of preventing those who are disposed to listen. I am come with the intention of listening, and have paid my money for the purpose of doing so; hence, I request those who intend to interrupt the performance to retire." The words were the signal for a terrible row, but the Macklin party had to retire.

This, I believe, was not the end of Garrick and Macklin's rivalry: there was a kind of a lawsuit, in which the latter was the plaintiff and some of the former's friends the defendants. All these proceedings, however, were the reverse of those of the modern Parisian *claqueurs*, whose invariable function it is to applaud, not to hiss. They are the professional counterparts of the men whom Lord

name of *claque*. Arsène Houssaye, when he undertook the management of the Comédie Française shortly after the Revolution of '48, wanted to abolish the *claque* at the House of Molière with one fell swoop. Vacher, the leader, told him that it would require another half-century to do it; and Rachel, who was present at the interview, practically expressed the same opinion. It wants, therefore, another three or four years to realise Vacher's prophecy. I do not know what may happen meanwhile, but the decision of the Paris judges in the present instance will not accomplish the reform.

BRESLAU, VISITED BY THE CZAR.

The ancient capital of Silesia, the second largest city of the Kingdom of Prussia, to which that province was annexed by Frederick the Great a century and a half ago, has in modern times become one of the most thriving and populous of German manufacturing towns, with over three hundred thousand inhabitants, and is a great centre of trade in the eastern parts of Europe, with products of industry—woollen, cotton, and other textile



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW FROM THE ELIZABETH TOWER.



THE OLD MOAT AND PROMENADE.



THE UNIVERSITY.



THE MARKET PLACE AND NEW TOWN HALL.

VISIT OF THE CZAR AND CZARINA TO BRESLAU: VIEWS OF THE TOWN.

matter of employing similar means to incite the public to manifest their approval; for what, after all, was this "Mr. Town," alias Mr. Chitty, mentioned once or twice—I am still quoting from memory—in Mrs. Bellamy's "Memoirs"? He, it appears, exercised a considerable influence—not to say a tyrannical power—over the spectators.

And if I remember rightly, Mr. Chitty, with his merry men, was not an occasional ally of the management on the field of battle, but a permanent one; unless Mistress Bellamy suppressed part of the truth, and represented Mr. Chitty in the light of an employé of the theatre, while, in fact, he was a champion selected by her to support her in her constant and bitter rivalry with Mrs. Peg Woffington.

This may have been the case. In the quarrel between Macklin and Garrick, the members of a Fleet Street club or coffee-house, I forget which, espoused the cause of the former, repaired to the theatre, and made Garrick's life a burden to him that night, during the whole of which he had to act in dumb show, taking care to keep well away from the proscenium in order to avoid the missiles aimed at him.

Two nights afterwards Garrick had his revenge. A friend enlisted a score and a half of professional and amateur

Wharton recruited from among his bank clerks and the City taverns to insure the success of Addison's "Cato."

The good sense of the English soon did away with organised approval or organised disapproval, or, at any rate, discountenanced it to such a degree that systematic hissing became very rare, and carefully rehearsed applause absolutely phenomenal. Recent events have shown that "concerted turbulence" has not entirely disappeared from our playhouses, but such disturbances as, for instance, the "famous Tamburini row," immortalised by Barham in the "Ingoldsby Legends," are entirely things of the past. Nor am I prepared to say that the applause so frequently led from the stalls and dress circle on important premières (and every première is important to the author of the piece) is absolutely genuine, but the paid *claque* does not exist among us.

It having been pronounced illegal by the Paris tribunals it may be doomed there. I myself doubt it. I fancy it will continue to exist under another form. The late Alexandre Dumas fils had a thorough hatred of it. Many years ago, at the production of his "Question d'Argent," at the Gymnase, he gave the then leader of the *claque*, Goudchaux, who bore such a striking likeness to Louis Veuillot, the great religious polemist, ten louis to refrain from applause. Emile Augier detested the

fabrics—similar to those of Leeds and Manchester. Its situation on the Oder, amidst the plains which were formerly the frequent battlefield of conflict between the Austrian, Prussian, and Russian rival military Powers, has given Breslau a certain degree of political and historical importance; and its old University was long renowned as a seat of learning. The historic associations of that city, to which we have alluded, may add somewhat to the present interest of a meeting of the Emperor William II. with the young Czar Nicholas II. and his amiable consort, immediately after the visit of the Russian imperial pair to the Emperor Francis Joseph at Vienna. It is at Breslau, instead of at Berlin, that the German Emperor greets his brother sovereign of the Northern Continental Empires, probably, upon this occasion, because he has to superintend the manoeuvres of his army on the Silesian plain, and the locality will not be so far out of the way for the Czar and Czarina after their return to the city of Kieff, where they will attend a grand Russian ecclesiastical festival before departing to Copenhagen and proceeding on their intended tour in Western Europe. There is, we now learn, some doubt whether her Majesty, who is in a peculiarly delicate condition of health, will be able to accompany her husband at the dates fixed for his reception in different foreign capitals; but we hope nothing will prevent her visiting our Queen, her grandmother, at Balmoral, some time in the autumn.

ROUND AND ABOUT COOKHAM



Aspen at the Bridge.



The Lock



The Town from the Moor.

Near the Station



The Church



The Weir.

Gascelles.



DOLCE FAR NIENTE: LIFE IN AN INDIAN BUNGALOW.

By R. Caton Woodville.

THE LADIES' PAGE. DRESS.

I wonder what the authorities mean by the introduction of tinsel in all the dark cloths this autumn? I suppose they mean novelty; however, they have reached it through an ugly medium. I do not approve of the new cloths which I have met; I always think that tinsel should wait to put in its appearance at pantomime time, and should then be relegated to behind the footlights. Other new stuffs, however, which have the honour of my regard, show variegated



A NEW EVENING GOWN.

checks in canvas fabric. These need silken linings, and their bodices should be relieved with some light silk or some lace, or some velvet with lace motifs on it. I saw a lovely bodice of orange velvet made in the pouched style with a narrow black belt and a short basque; this was completely dotted all over with lace roses set transparently—it was very beautiful and most dear. It would look charming with a black cloth skirt, and might be completed with a loose short coat hanging from the shoulders made of black cloth and lined with orange colour. The finishing touch of an orange velvet toque with a large group of cock's feathers at one side might be advised for the beautiful.

We are to continue to wear our bodices different from our skirts, though of course, during this autumn season, as in its predecessors, the simple tailor-made dress is to have a hearing. The cloths for this vary a little; they make an attempt to show a rougher surface, and a canvas woven stuff is also putting in a bid for popularity. But I doubt not the plain stuffs and the covert coating will ultimately have it all their own way, and on these trimmings of braid will be very much used either in straight lines or fanciful lines; but of the advent of this into fashionable circles I have already spoken.

The bodice which terminates at the waist is to be disregarded in favour of the bodice which overhangs a small frilled basque in the front and sets tightly into the waist at the back beneath the belt. There are belts of jet to be seen, belts of gold links and of gold galloon, plain and adorned, and belts of red leather are also receiving notice. A very dark shade of red makes one or two of the gowns which have heralded the approach of many others into the modish market. One of these was of smooth cloth, the other of finely ribbed diagonal cloth. A very narrow hem of biscuit-coloured cloth I saw successfully trimming a dark rifle-green cloth skirt, while the revers and the basque of the simple coat showed the same adornment, which is difficult of manipulation, and needs expert handling. Some of the new tailor-made dresses have a narrow silk braid down each seam, and the same trimming will, of course, be found to edge the hem.

All the revers on all the coats are smaller than they were wont to be, the only exceptions being those jackets which make for the Directoire period, and on these the double revers are to be found in their usual characteristic large point, the outside one being made of cloth and the

inner of striped black and white velvet or of buff-tinted silk, or of white.

Two or three of the shops are exhibiting green plaid in poplin, but although these may enjoy a small amount of favour again they are not likely to become general. One very pretty green plaid poplin dress which has come my way lately was made with a plain skirt and a straight bolero cut into tabs at the hem, showing a front of finely pleated white chiffon and lace, and a deep corslet of black satin. Somehow, tabs on the short bolero seem particularly appropriate to the plaid fabric, and this special dress was crowned with a green felt hat trimmed with natural cock's feathers and rosettes of violet velvet.

But I think I ought to talk a little about fronts—those which will duly put in their appearance with the open coats of our autumnal fancy. Exceedingly pretty fronts are made with black chiffon completely covered with tiny little frills of pale yellow lace. The chiffon and lace idea also forms a yoke to some of the new fronts, of which the lower portion is made of chiné silk with revers turning back at the bust. A stripe of jewelled ribbon adorns the centre of many of the fronts, outlined on either side by a jabot of lace, the jewelled ribbon again forming the collar-band, over which hangs a frill of the lace.

Many fanciful designs of collar-bands are to be met. One which boasts a satin ribbon round the throat, into which is gathered a piece of lace of a Vandyke pattern outlined with a tiny ruche of coloured ribbon, is exceedingly successful, and another of decided charm is made of black velvet with quillings of ribbon set in fan-shape round the neck at the back. Most of the new ribbons are plainly shot in the centre and have a narrow border of black. The tinsel and embroidered ribbons are not yet to be cast aside, and there are some charming new silk muslins calculated to make blouses to perfection with embroidered groups of flowers dotted over their surface. Embroidery is to be a great feature of the autumn fashions, there is no doubt about that: cloths and cashmeres and silks are all decorated with elaborate designs of silk and beads, the bead having to some slight extent been permitted to supersede the sequin.

"Nancy" should take all her hair in her right hand and twist it up, pinning it firmly on the top of her head, when she may allow it to form a coil of any shape which may best please her. Instead of pinning the hair she may, if she prefers it, tie it; it will then be easier to pull it loosely round the nape of the neck. The hat is worn so as to cover the knot of the hair, and rests on an elaborate cachepeigne of flowers or velvet rosettes. "Mrs. Q." is cordially thanked for her charming letter, while I suggest she should choose for that baby's coat white poplin, and trim it with Irish lace. The straight shape hanging from the yoke with the small cape is the most generally becoming, and this should be completed with a close bonnet of the same silk and a quilted ruche of ribbon round the face.

PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

Princess Christian is initiating a new departure in the "Holiday Home" plans for giving poor town children a few weeks in the country annually that are supported now by so many kind hearts. Most of those schemes are brought to a stop about this month; but Princess Christian suggests that the homes might be as usefully made available in the winter as in the summer. H.R.H. has recently added to her manifold works of charity the establishment of a temporary home for poor London boys, under her own supervision, and within a short distance of her beautifully situated home in Windsor Park. The enterprise was begun by her in 1890, but was carried on in a little old cottage on a small scale. The house last year became unfit for habitation, and so the good Princess herself gave the land for a new one, and devoted her personal efforts to raise the money for a building. A perfect new home has thus been provided for her work. A half-timbered cottage has been erected bearing under its eaves the name "Princess Christian's Holiday Home for Boys." It makes provision for twelve lads residing there at one time and for the master and matron needed to look after them. It has now occurred to the practical Princess that there is no reason why the home should not be kept in use all the year round instead of being closed, and its resources therefore wasted, during half of the time. It is almost as delightful a thing to escape from the smoke and fog of a London winter as it is to have a summer vacation, and the good food would probably be even more valuable to poor boys at that time than in the mild weather. Other charitable ladies who interest themselves in children's holidays may take this hint of the Princess's.

Referring to the recent Homœopathic Congress in London, it may be mentioned that there seems to be but one lady doctor of that persuasion in this country. From the Western home of freedom, however, there came a considerable number of women homœopathic physicians to the congress. They are a numerous body in the United States. There is much more freedom in regard to medical practice, as in many other respects, in America than there is here. In some of the States, at any rate, there is a State Examination Board, which holds its tests in general knowledge of physiology, disease, surgery, and the like for all comers, and then allows the student to take the examination in the use of drugs according to the medical "school" that he prefers. Then the homœopathic physician has an equal legal status with one of the other "school," and patients preferring that system are equally ensured as to the general medical education of their doctor. Modern medicine of every "school" is so largely a matter of general hygiene and treatment, and so little one

of drugs, that the point of real importance to the public is to have a practitioner who is competent to give good advice in these directions, and inspire confidence.

Bedford College for Women has inaugurated, with some success, a course of lectures in hygiene and sanitary science, designed to fit women for the posts of lecturers on health, factory inspectors, and sanitary inspectors. In regard to factory inspection in particular, there is room for the work of many more women than have as yet been appointed, for the girls employed in such places feel a difficulty in complaining to men inspectors of breaches of sanitation in the arrangements or in the regulations under which they have to work. These things a woman inspector would have to nerve herself to insist on knowing and amending. In the North it is found that the women inspectors of factories do not shrink from doing their duty in this respect.

A London daily paper has been urging as a solution of the domestic servant difficulty that boys should be employed in the household. This is a practical suggestion in some cases. Ladies living in isolated parts of the country, for instance, can often obtain a great deal of useful daily household assistance from an obliging boy where girls are not willing to live permanently. But there is an objection to making trial of this plan in the fact that a lad engaged in the house is regarded by the Inland Revenue officials as a "male servant," and is taxed as a luxury—just as much if he is a useful drudge as if he were John Thomas in plush and powder. It seems unreasonable that a boy may sweep the office for a master and not the scullery for a mistress—that he may carry beer-glasses in a public-house and not coals in a dwelling-house. But ladies have to reckon on paying a tax if they do employ males as domestics, even on a small scale.

While German women are bemoaning their disabilities under the new code of laws, English women are opening the seats of learning to their sex in that country. It will be remembered that the University of Göttingen recently admitted an Englishwoman to the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, and now the authorities of Munich have consented to admit a lady student in the person of Miss Skeat, daughter of the eminent English philologist. Then Miss Jane Harrison, the distinguished archaeologist, has been made a member of the Berlin Society for the study of the subject, an appointment that those who conferred it considered one of great importance, and one that is, indeed, remarkable in a country where to refuse all recognition of women's work outside the domestic circle is a tradition. It is curious that it should be British women who are breaking that idea down in Germany.

Headache is one of the most common of afflictions; as a consequence, there are innumerable cures offered for this



AN AUTUMN FROCK.

distressing malady. Unfortunately, some of these are the reverse of harmless, and their use may produce serious or even fatal results. But Bishop's Citrate of Caffeine, the merits of which are well known and recognised by the medical profession, and which has received highest awards at Paris, Chicago, and Antwerp, is guaranteed to be perfectly harmless and absolutely safe, and to remove those feelings of weariness, lassitude, and exhaustion which so often accompany headache. To students, brain-workers, overworked business men, ladies who get fatigued by shopping and sight-seeing, Bishop's Citrate of Caffeine is medically stated to be very valuable.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

HUMAN NOBLENES!

Every Noble Crown is, and on Earth will for ever be,

A CROWN OF THORNS.

T. CARLYLE.

The Crossing 'twixt Two Eternities—

THE PAST — THE FUTURE

This Life is a very short span 'twixt two Boundless Seas: The Past—The Future.

Think, wilt Thou let it Slip Useless Away?

AN IMAGE OF HUMAN LIFE.

INCAPACITY MEETS WITH THE SAME PUNISHMENT AS CRIME.

NATURE'S LAWS.

"Nor love thy love, nor hate; but what thou livest live well."—MILTON.

"Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon us winning or losing a game of chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to *learn at least* the names and moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn upon the father who allowed his sons, or the state which allowed its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight? Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us—and, *more or less*, of those who are connected with us—do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are *what we call the laws of Nature*. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient. But also we know, *to our cost*, that he *never overlooks a mistake*, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And who plays ill is checkmated—without haste, but without remorse.

"My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel, who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather *lose than win*. And I should accept it as an image of human life.

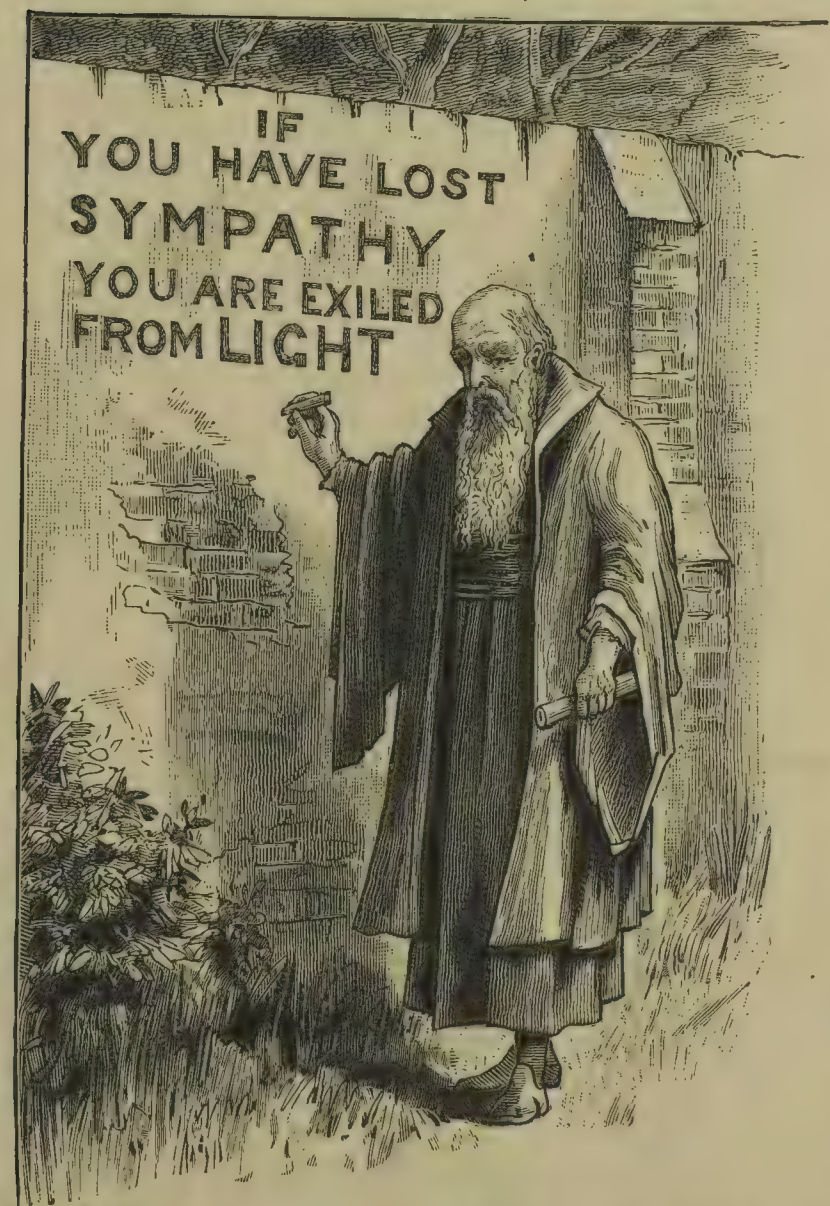
"The great mass of mankind are the 'Poll,' who pick up just enough to get through without much discredit. Those who won't learn at all are plucked; and then you can't come up again. Nature's pluck means extermination.

"Ignorance is visited as sharply as wilful disobedience—incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first; but the blow without the word. It is left to you to find out why your ears are boxed."—HUXLEY.

"Nature's Laws, I must repeat, are eternal; her small still voice, speaking from the inmost heart of us, shall not, under terrible penalties, be disregarded. No man can depart from the truth without damage to himself."—T. CARLYLE.

IF YOU HAVE LOST SYMPATHY YOU ARE EXILED FROM LIGHT.

"And such is Human Life; so gliding on, it glimmers like a meteor, and is gone."



MORAL.

OBEDIENCE TO NATURAL LAWS is Health, Happiness, and Long Life; while Disobedience or Ignorance Entails Disease, and hands it down from one generation to another.

WHAT HIGHER AIM CAN MAN ATTAIN THAN CONQUEST OVER HUMAN PAIN?

WHAT EVERYBODY SHOULD READ.—How important it is to every individual to have at hand some simple, effective, and palatable remedy such as ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' to check disease at the onset! For this is the time. With very little trouble you can change the course of the trickling mountain stream, but not the rolling river. It will defy all your tiny efforts. I feel I cannot sufficiently impress this important information upon all householders and those who are visiting or residing in any hot or foreign climate. Whenever a change is contemplated likely to disturb the condition of health, let ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' be your companion, for, under any circumstances, its use is beneficial, and never can do harm. When you feel out of sorts, yet unable to say why, frequently, without any warning, you are suddenly seized with Sleeplessness, Lassitude, Disinclination for Bodily or Mental Exertion, Loss of Appetite, Sickness, Pain in the Forehead, Dull Aching of Back and Limbs, Coldness of the Surface, and often Shivering, &c., then your whole body is out of order, the spirit of danger has been kindled, but you do not know where it may end. It is a real necessity to have a simple remedy at hand that will always answer the very best end, with a positive assurance of doing good in every case, and in no case any harm. The pilot can so steer and direct as to bring the ship into safety, but he cannot quell the raging storm. The common idea when not feeling well is, "I will wait and see—perhaps I shall be better to-morrow"; whereas, had a supply of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' been at hand, and use made of it at the onset, all calamitous results might have been avoided. What dashes to the earth so many hopes, breaks so many sweet alliances, blasts so many auspicious enterprises as untimely death? "I used my 'FRUIT SALT' freely in my last severe attack of Fever, and I have every reason to say it saved my life."—J. C. ENO.

IMPORTANT to Travellers at Home and Abroad.—Don't go without a Bottle of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' It prevents any over-acid state of the blood. It should be kept in every bed-room, in readiness for any emergency. Be careful to avoid rash acidulated salines, and use ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' to prevent the bile becoming too thick and (impure) producing a gummy, viscous, clammy stickiness or adhesiveness in the mucous membrane of the intestinal canal, frequently the pivot of diarrhoea and disease. ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' prevents and removes diarrhoea in the early stages.

STIMULANTS.—CONGESTION OF THE LIVER.—Experience shows that Acidulated Sherbet masked with Sugar, Hazardous Brain Tipples, or any form of Pick-me-up, Mild Ales, Port Wine, Dark Sherries, Sweet Champagne, Liqueurs, and Brandies, are all very apt to disagree, while Light White Wines, and Gin or old Whisky, largely diluted with Mineral Water charged only with Natural Gas, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' is particularly adapted for any constitutional Weakness of the Liver. It possesses the power of reparation where digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health.

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THERE IS NO DOUBT that where it has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease it has, in innumerable instances, PREVENTED what would otherwise have been a SEVERE ILLNESS. The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' upon a disordered and feverish condition of the system is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is in fact NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle and see the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have been imposed upon by WORTHLESS imitations.

Prepared only at ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

CHESS.

H. FRATER.—In No. 2731, after 1. R to K B 5th, P takes P, 2. B to K R 6th, Kt to K 3rd, and there is no mate. Your solution comes exceedingly near, which adds to the charm of the problem.

Dr F. S. (Camberwell).—Your last problem, as we pointed out at the time, was defective. We hope to publish the new problem shortly.

H. B. JACKSON (Telford, Fiji).—Problem to hand, with thanks. We hope it will do for publication.

J. D. TUCKER (Leeds).—The defence is P to B 4th. There is no other solution, we think, than the one given.

P. AND L.—Yes, the sacrifice is unsound. Black replies with B to Kt 4th.

A. S. H. H. (Rio).—Many thanks for letter and contents. We credit you with solution of No. 2728.

F. W. O. (Kempsey).—You are quite correct, but we pointed out immediately after publication that the problem was faulty.

T. M. B. GANESH (Jhansi).—"English Chess Problems," published by Longmans; or "The Chess Problem," published by Cassell.

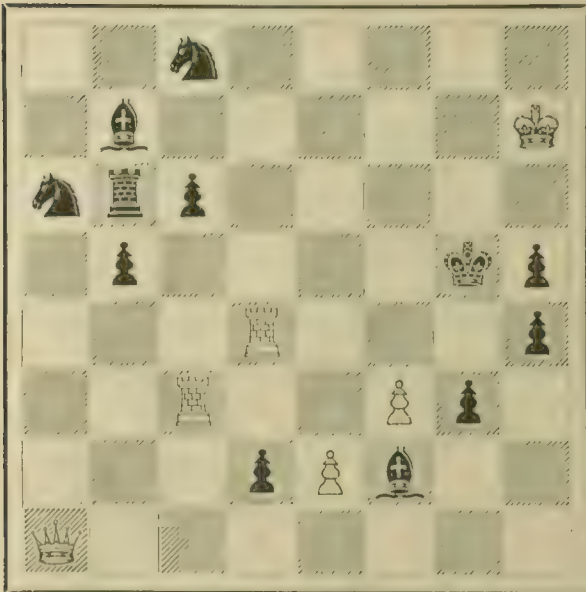
C. E. P. (Kensington).—We are not quite sure, but we think it stops a second solution. We would need to give it very careful analysis, however, before making a positive reply.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2728 received from A. S. H. H. (Rio de Janeiro); of No. 2731 from Professor Charles Wagner (Landl, Styria); of No. 2732 from William Miller (Cork) and Professor Charles Wagner (Landl); of No. 2733 from T. G. (Ware), J. Bailey (Newark), Professor Charles Wagner, J. H. Carroll (Southampton), W. H. Williamson (Belfast), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), C. W. Smith (Stroud), A. W. Hamilton-Gell, W. Seaman (Prague), and Eric D. Gillett (Norwich).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2731 received from W. R. Railton, T. G. (Ware), W. Lillie (Manchester), H. D'O. Bernard, Captain Spencer, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), M. Burke, G. T. Hughes, J. Harlett Clark, Frater, W. H. Williamson (Belfast), H. E. Lee (Pewich), C. W. Smith (Stroud), G. D. Gillespie, E. P. Vulliamy, Frank Proctor, Bluet, B. Worters (Canterbury), F. James (Wolverhampton), M. Rieloff, Sorrento, J. Hall, T. Chown, Alpha, Fred J. Gross, B. H. Brooks, F. C. Curtis (Tooting), Oliver Ieingle, J. S. Wesley (Exeter), J. Coad, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), L. Desanges, C. E. Perugini, F. Waller (Luton), F. Anderson, Dr F. St., and J. D. Tucker (Leeds).

PROBLEM No. 2736.
By C. W. (Sunbury).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2733.—By W. S. BRANCH.

WHITE.
1. B to Kt 7th.
2. Mates accordingly.

CHESS IN GERMANY.

Game played at Nuremberg between Messrs. PILLSBURY and LASKER.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	21. Kt takes Kt	Kt takes Kt
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	22. Kt to B 4th	P to B 5th
3. Q Kt to B 3rd	K Kt to B 3rd	23. R to R sq	B to K 2nd
4. P to K 5th	K Kt to Q 2nd	24. It takes Kt	
5. P to B 4th	P to Q B 4th		
6. P takes P	Kt to Q B 3rd		
7. P to Q R 3rd	Kt takes B P		
8. P to Q Kt 4th	Kt to Q 2nd		
9. B to Q 3rd	P to Q R 4th		
10. P to Kt 5th	Q Kt to Kt sq		
11. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 4th		
12. B to K 3rd	Q Kt to Q 2nd		
13. Castles	P to K Kt 3rd		
14. Kt to K 2nd	B to K 2nd		
15. Q to K sq	Kt to Kt 3rd		
16. Kt (at B 3) to Q 4	B to Q 2nd		
17. Q to B 2nd	Kt (at Kt 3) to R 5		
18. Q R to Kt sq			
19. P to Kt 6th	Kt takes B		
20. P takes Kt	B takes P		
21. P to B 5th			

The Pawn is usually taken by the Bishop, but the whole line of defence is here somewhat original.

It seems proper to assail the weak spot in White's game; but the venture does not turn out well, as Black loses time with his Knight.

The surrender of the Queen thus deliberately looks alarming, but after careful examination there appears nothing better. If Q moves, Q takes B P, etc. A sufficient game is now practically over, but Black struggled on for some time.

27. Kt takes Q. R takes Kt.

28. B to B 5th. R to Q B sq.

29. B takes B. K takes B.

30. Q to K 3rd. R to B 3rd.

31. Q to Kt 5th (ch). K to B 2nd.

32. R to B sq. R takes R (ch).

33. Q takes R. R to Q B sq.

34. Q to K sq. P to R 6th.

35. P takes P. R to Kt sq (ch).

36. K to B 2nd. P to R 5th.

37. Q to Kt 4th. R to Kt 3rd.

38. K to B 3rd. P to R 6th.

39. Q takes P. R takes P.

40. Q to B 5th. Resigns.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of the county of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Jan. 19, 1893) of the Most Noble William Alexander Louis Stephen, Duke of Hamilton, Brandon, and Châtelherault, who died at Algiers on May 16, 1895, granted to James Auldjo Jamieson, as executor nominate, and George Dalziel and the Duke of Devonshire, K.G., as executors assumed, was resealed in London on Aug. 24, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to £312,890.

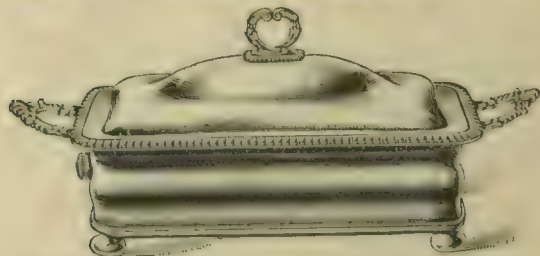
The will (dated Feb. 24, 1885), with two codicils (dated July 31, 1888, and Oct. 30, 1891), of Mr. Richard Bealey, of Radcliffe, Lancashire, manufacturing chemist and bleacher, who died on March 3, was proved at the Manchester District Registry on Aug. 6 by Adam Crompton Bealey, the son, and Thomas Glaister, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate being £294,411. The testator bequeaths £1000 each, upon trust, for the Radcliffe Close Wesleyan Chapel and the Radcliffe Close Wesleyan Day Schools, so long as the usual morning prayers of the Church of England are read there; £1000 each to the Wesleyan Home Missions and the Church Missionary Society; £500 each to the Albert Idiot Asylum (Lancaster), the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Southport Convalescent Hospital, the Edgworth Home for Destitute Children, the Manchester Blind Asylum, and the Boys' and Girls' Refuges and Homes and Children's Aid Society, Strangeways, Manchester. He further gives £500, an annuity of £3000 and the use for life of his house at Radcliffe, with the furniture, plate, pictures, etc., to his wife, Mrs. Sarah Bealey; £60,000, upon trust, and at the death of his wife, the use for life of his said house and furniture to his daughter Elizabeth Gardner Bealey; £15,000, upon trust, for his grandson Richard Bealey Hewitt; £20,000, upon trust, for the children of his deceased son William; £10,000 each, upon trust, for his grandsons Frederick and Cecil, the sons of his late son Frederick Arthur Bealey; £250 and £100 per annum during the continuance of his executorship to Thomas Glaister, and a few small legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son Adam Crompton Bealey.

The will (dated Sept. 15, 1894) of Mr. Horace Barry, J.P., of 7, Birch Lane and Bush Hill House, Winchmore Hill, who died on July 28, was proved on Aug. 22 by Horace Barry and Frederick Charles Barry, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £181,929. The testator bequeaths £2000, his furniture, plate, carriages, horses, and farm stock and implements, to his wife, Mrs. Juliet Blanche Barry; £2000 to his son Horace; £7000 each to his sons Frederick Charles and Douglas; £3000 each to his seven daughters; £1000 to his brother, Charles John Barry; £2000 to his sister, Eleanor Barry; £100 each to his grandchildren, and the goodwill of his business carried on by him as Barry and Co., stock-brokers, with his interest in the lease of 7, Birch Lane, to his son Frederick Charles, if he should be engaged or in partnership with him at the time of his death. He devises

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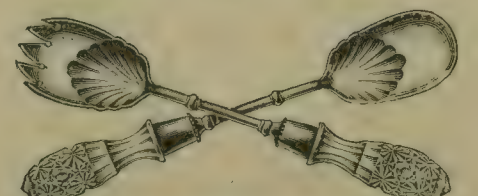
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the advowson or perpetual right of patronage to the living of Ightham, Kent, together with the parsonage, land and tithes rent charge, and cottages and other land in the said parish, to his son Douglas. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves upon trust for his wife for life or widowhood, or, in the event of her re-marriage, an annuity of £500, and, subject thereto, between all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated May 17, 1895) of Mr. Benjamin Young, of Mangrove Hall, Hertford, who died on July 9, was proved on Aug. 11 by Mary Annie Young, Laura Young, and Mary Fanny Evans, the daughters, and William Hayman Cummings, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £184,329. The testator gives £5000 to his nephew Charles Albert Young; £1000 each to his nieces Constance Emmeline Young and Emily Gee; £1000 each to the daughters of his deceased brother Charles; £400 to W. H. Cummings; and £50 each to his executors. He devises his freehold estate, Mangrove Hall, with the furniture and contents, to his daughter, Mary Annie Young; 37 acres of land adjoining thereto to his daughter Laura; and his copyhold property at South Street, Hertford, producing £50 per annum, to his daughter Mary Fanny Evans. The residue of his property he leaves between his three daughters, share and share alike.

The will (dated March 1, 1895) of Mr. Edward Robert Kelly, of 25, Upper Phillimore Gardens, and 182, 183, and 184, High Holborn, directory publisher, who died on July 8, was proved on Aug. 19 by Edward Festus Kelly, the son, the executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £164,509. The testator bequeaths his horses and carriages, £50, and his mortgage interest in two houses at Camberwell, to his daughter Lydia; £200 to Chinnery Fuller; £100 each to Millicent Edenborough, Dora Edenborough, Claude Edenborough, George Dixon, and Edward Bull; £500 to Constance Kelly; and legacies

to persons in his employ. He gives and devises all his freehold and copyhold property and his shares in the Union Insurance Company to his son Edward Festus Kelly. The residue of his personal estate he leaves between his daughter Lydia and his son Anderson Lindsay Kelly.

The will (dated May 26, 1877), with a codicil (dated Jan. 8, 1896), of Mr. Edward Hunter, J.P., of 41, Chester Terrace, Regent's Park, and Coolballintaggart, near Aughrim, Wicklow, who died on July 13, was proved on Aug. 25 by Francis Jacob Hood, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £86,541. The testator bequeaths the painting of Our Saviour, by Carlo Dolce, to the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square; £100 to the London City Mission; £100 to the Protestant Ragged Schools in Dublin, in such shares as his executor shall think fit; and numerous small pecuniary and specific gifts to relatives, friends, and servants. In the events which have happened he leaves the residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, as to one half for his sister Rachel Hunter for life, and the other half, upon like trusts, for his brother-in-law John Strange Williams. On their respective deaths such part of his property as may by law be bequeathed for charitable purposes, he gives to special trustees, upon trust, to apply the income or any portion of the capital in grants for or towards the purchase of advowsons or presentations or in creating or contributing to the erection, improvement, or endowment of churches, chapels, or schools, or in paying or contributing to the salaries or income of rectors, vicars, or incumbents, masters, or teachers, on the following conditions—first, that only such churches or chapels shall be subscribed or contributed to wherein the service shall, in the opinion of the special trustees, be conducted upon pure Protestant or Church of England principles, by which he means the principles of the Church of England as held and inculcated by those of

her divines, clergy, and members who are distinguished as Evangelical and loyal to the works and fruits of the Reformation and as holding doctrines and principles free from all Popish or Roman Catholic tendency and opposed thereto; second, that only such schools shall be subscribed or contributed to wherein true Protestant and Church of England principles are distinctly taught and inculcated, with preference to those established for children of the poorer classes; third, that only such masters and teachers shall receive grants who best show forth by their teaching and example true Protestant and Church of England principles; fourth, that no payment shall be made directly or indirectly to or for the benefit of any rector, vicar, or incumbent unless upon condition that he shall, if not prohibited in law, at the principal Sunday morning service in his church, selecting a time and state of weather when the congregation is supposed to be the greatest, read the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, and which he recommends he should make the subject of his discourse from time to time. And upon further condition that he shall on the first Sunday of every month at the chief morning service preach a sermon on Love from a text taken from the Gospel, Epistles, or Revelation of St. John. The testator directs his estate to be marshalled in favour of the charities. The ultimate residue he leaves, upon trust, for his four nieces, Mary Ann Cook, Rachel Edwards, Eliza Evelyn Edwards, and Marion Edwards, in equal shares.

The will (dated Oct. 16, 1895) of Mr. Edward James Bevir, Q.C., a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn, of 110, Harley Street, who died on July 22, was proved on Aug. 25 by the Rev. George Henry Perry, Joseph Louis Bevir, the son, and Ernest Bevir, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £20,618. The testator bequeaths £100 each to his nephews and nieces, Harry Bevir, Ernest Bevir, the Rev. George Bevir, Esther Vaisey, and Judith

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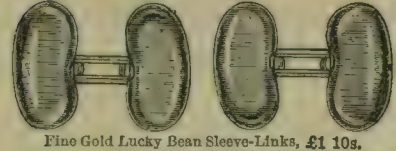
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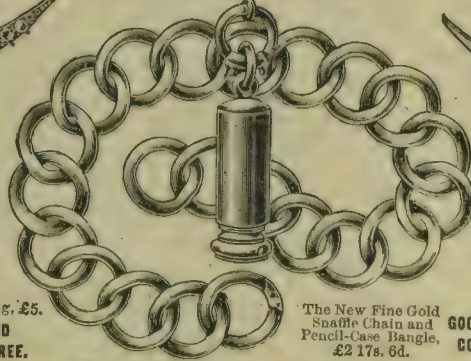
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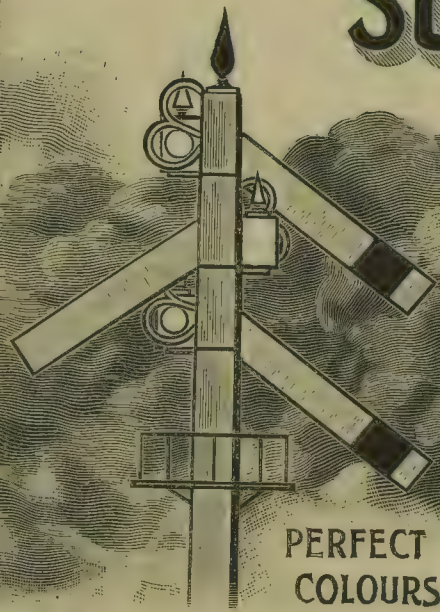


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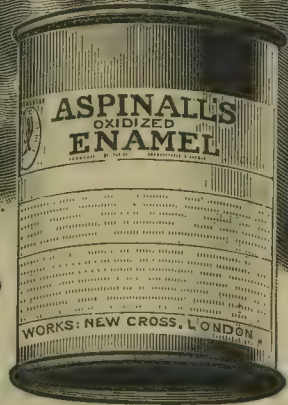


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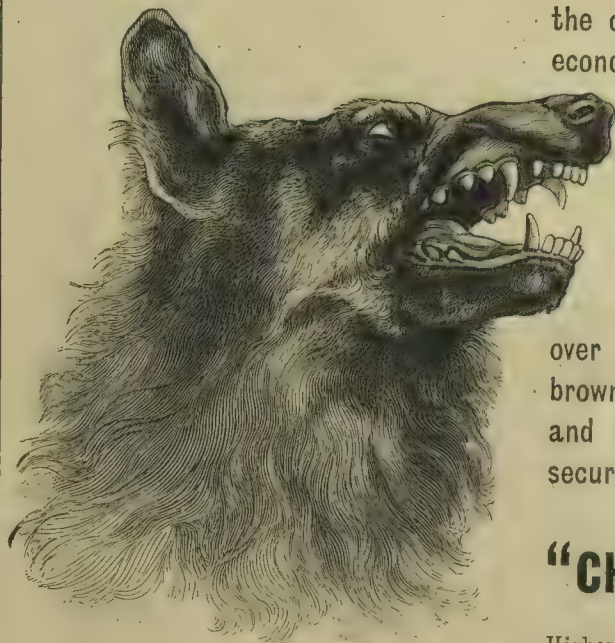
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The will of Mr. Francis Byron, of 5, Cornwallis Gardens, Hastings, who died on July 10, was proved on Aug. 17 by John Pakenham Stilwell and Walter Henry Gayford, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £13,212.

The will (dated Feb. 15, 1889), with three codicils (dated Feb. 14, 1893, Dec. 4, 1894, and March 16, 1896), of Sir Edgar MacCulloch, Bailiff of Guernsey, of The Pollet, Guernsey, who died on July 31, was proved on Aug. 22, by the Rev. Edgar Hoskins, the nephew, and Cecil Augustus Carey, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £20,062. The testator gives £100 to the Guernsey

Beneficial Augmentation Fund; his large conchological collection and his geological specimens to the Guille Allés Institution, and numerous legacies to relatives, executors, and servants. The residue of his property he leaves, as to one half thereof, to his nephew, the Rev. Edgar Hoskins, and the other half upon trust for his niece, Sophie Brownrigg Cockburn.

The will and three codicils of Sir Joseph Prestwich, of Darent Hulme, Shoreham, near Sevenoaks, who died on June 23, was proved on Aug. 25 by Russell Scott, the nephew and one of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £2596.

The will of the Hon. Charlotte Yarde-Buller, of 102, Queen's Gate, South Kensington, widow, who died on March 15, was proved on Aug. 21 by the Rev. and Hon. Reginald John Yarde-Buller, the son and sole executor, the gross value of the personal estate being £2651.

The Lords of the Committee of Council on Education have appointed Mr. A. J. R. Trendell, C.M.G., to be Assistant Secretary of the Department of Science and Art. Mr. Edward Belshaw succeeds Mr. Trendell.

NEW MUSIC.

The pieces sent by Charles Woolhouse include "Dame Dorothy," a tuneful bright song by Clarisse Mallard, words by Augusta Hancock; a stirring patriotic song entitled, "For England and for Thee," by Adela Schafer and Sydney Shaw; a "Suite" for pianoforte by Herbert F. Sharpe, which is well worth studying; and a poetic and fairly easy "Melodie" for violin and piano by Cuthbert Clark.

A good song of the semi-sacred type is "A Vesper Story," by Stanhope Gray and Lindsay Lennox. Very simple and pretty is Agnes S. Buck's song, "Far away in Roseland," and two others which may be recommended for their tunefulness and attractive style are "Barbara Deane" and "The Shepherd's Wooing," by Alice Borton. These are all published by Edwin Ashdown, who also sends several pieces for pianoforte. "Forty Preludes," by Walter Macfarren, should be possessed by every amateur. They are intended as studies in the art of improvisation, and are excellent for the purpose, being sufficiently melodious to serve for drawing-room performance as well. For the pianist not far advanced, Ignace Gibsone's "Valse Rustique," Charwood Dunkley's "Barcarolle," and

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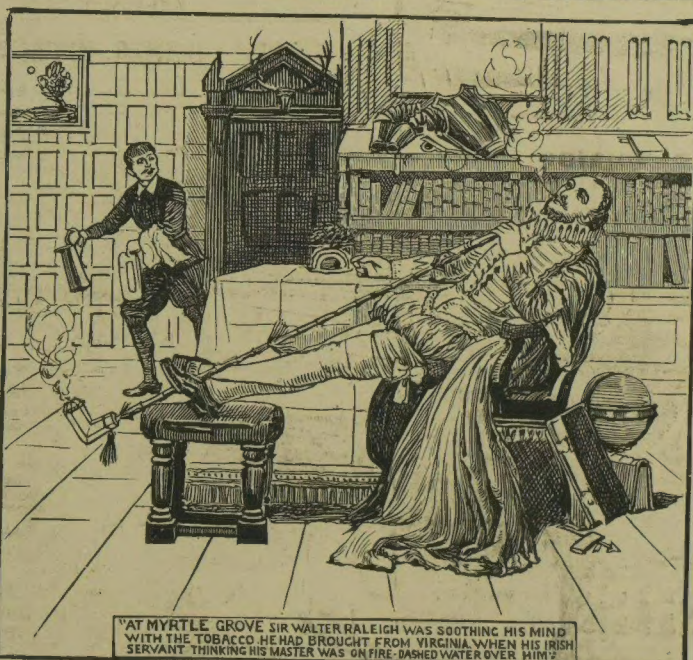
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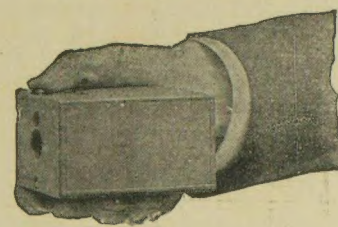
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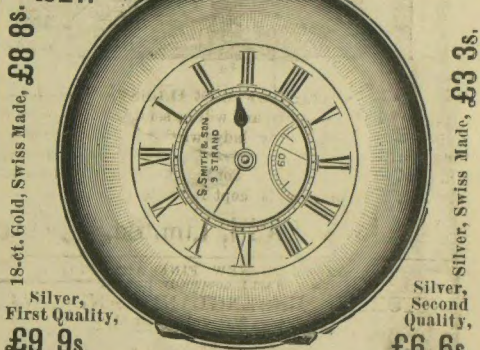
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From Phillips and Page we have "Gentle, Holy Saviour," one of Charles Gounod's four posthumous songs, words by Alfred Phillips. An effective song of religious character is "The Perfect Life," by Claude Lyttleton and Hartwell Jones. "Hush! Sleep on, my Babe!" by F. Lavington Evans and R. M. Harvey, is a soothing cradle song. "Watching for the Boats," by Clifton Bingham and Frank L. Moir, cannot fail to please. It is a very sympathetic little song. "Do you love me?" by

H. C. Tonking, is commonplace but tuneful. Children will be amused by "The Cat in the Chimney," No. 2 of "Songs for the Youngsters," by Leigh Kingsmill. The dance music from this firm include a bright polka by Fabian Rose, entitled "Poppette," and a Japanese barn dance by Neville Flux, which have charming picture covers, and Phillips and Page's seventh dance album, containing nine good pieces.

There is plenty of variety in the "Album of Nine Songs" by Frank Idle. The three first are settings of familiar Scotch words, and these as well as two or three of the others are poems which have been dealt with by more gifted hands. Still these "Nine Songs" are melodious and pleasing enough, and perhaps the nicest of all

is the quaint ditty entitled "Robin in Winter." In "Adieu, Love!" Frances Allitsen has caught the spirit of pretty words which are taken from an old manuscript. It is a dainty song. There is an irresistible swing about Odoardo Barri's "Daffodil Wood," which has nice words by L. Debenham. Other songs, chiefly remarkable for their simple melodiousness, are Wilfred Bendall's "When Twilight Dews," Charles Marshall's "Two Songs," and A. Nilson Fisher's "Why." The French laughing song, "Le Fou Rire" (with English words) by Maurice Jarkoa and H. Bemberg is clever. A song with plenty of go is "Volunteers!" by Henry Hamilton and Frederick Rosse. Maud Marshall's "Reverie," for violin and piano, is easy and effective. All these pieces are published by Willcocks and Co.

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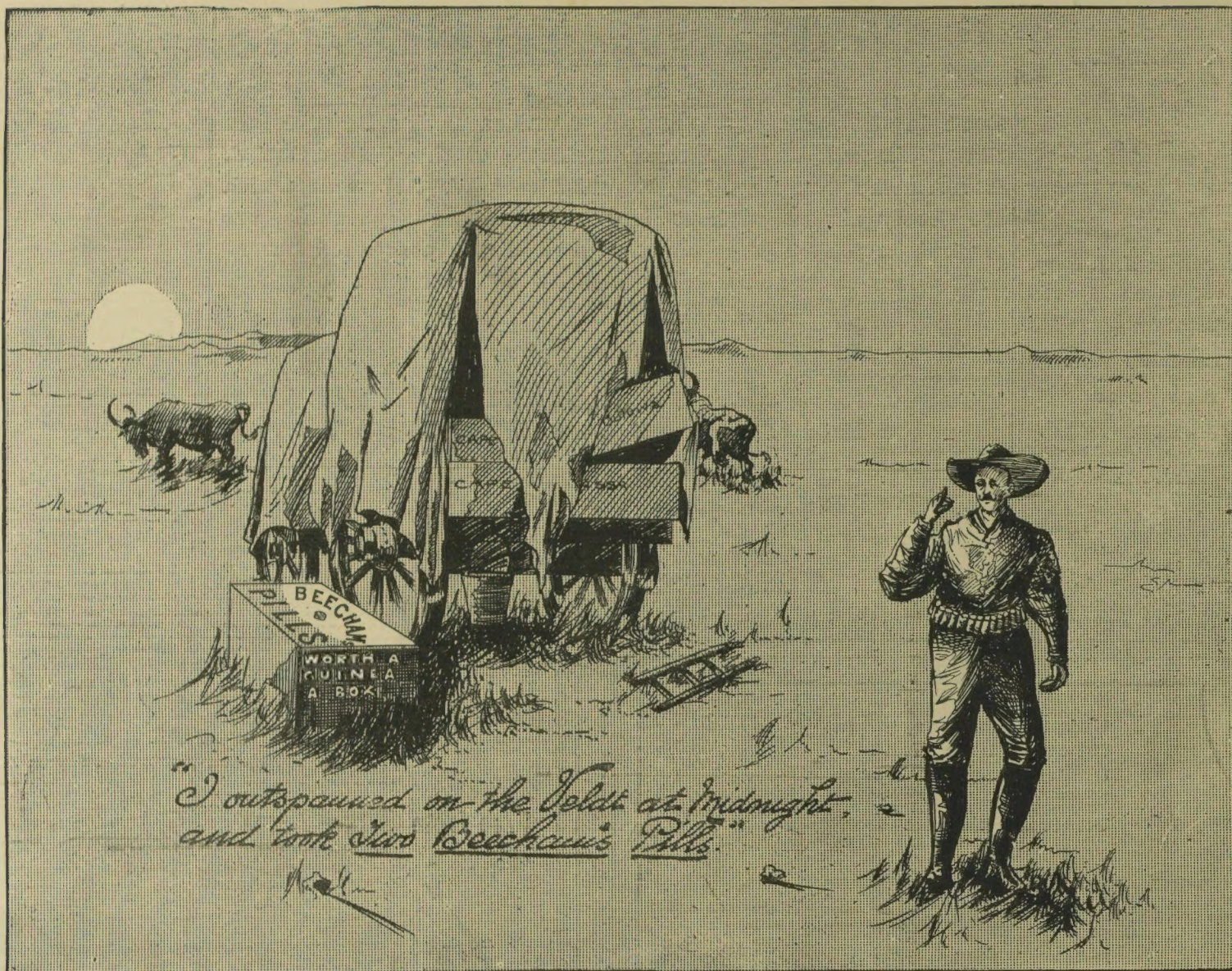
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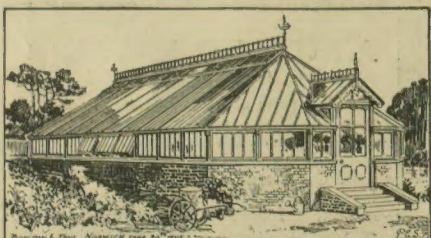


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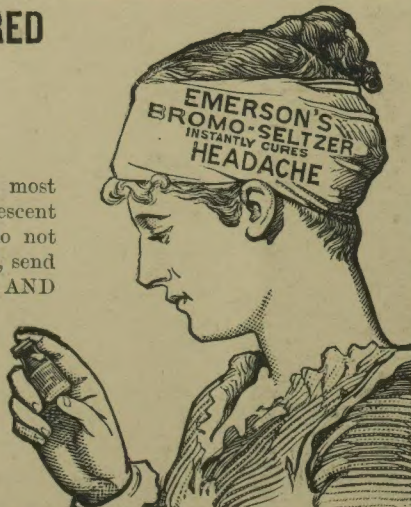
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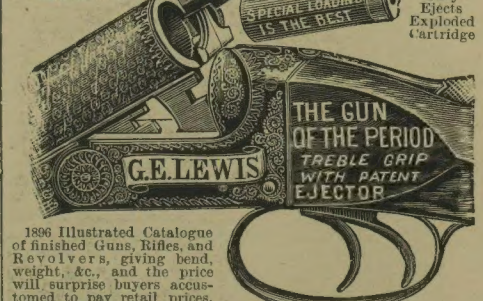
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